

11522. bb. 39
George Stacey

THE
MESSIAH.

ATTEMPTED FROM THE
GERMAN
OF
MR. KLOPSTOCK.
TO WHICH IS PREFIX'D HIS
INTRODUCTION
ON
DIVINE POETRY.

VOL. I.

THE SECOND EDITION.

L O N D O N,

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George Sney

H. A. H.



M. E. M.

Mr. Robert

London

Robert

London

London

(iii)

TO THE

K I N G.

SIR,

AS Mr. KLOPSTOCK obtain'd the patronage of the KING of DENMARK for the original from which this work is taken, none can blame my ambition in presuming to lay these volumes at Your MAJESTY's feet. I have

iv DEDICATION.

here attempted to translate, from the native language of Your ROYAL CONSORT into Your Own, a work calculated to inspire every pious, every virtuous sentiment, to fill the mind with an awful reverence and love of the great and incomprehensible GOD and FATHER of all ; with the sublimest and most fervent gratitude to our gracious REDEEMER, and a perfect detestation and abhorrence of all vice : this work therefore naturally claims the Patronage of a PRINCE, who, undazzled by the glitter of a Throne, and all the splendor of Royalty,

DEDICATION. v

does not blush at owning himself a CHRISTIAN, and at paying an humble obedience to the KING of KINGS. It claims the Patronage of a learned ENGLISH PRINCE, who is a Friend to Religion, a Friend to Virtue, a Friend to the Muses, a Friend to Liberty, a Friend to Mankind.

May your MAJESTY'S love for Your people meet with the return of love and chearful affection, and Your subjects view all Your good intentions for promoting their happiness with affectionate gratitude. May Your MA-

vi DEDICATION.

JESTY be ever sensible that Your private felicity is closely connected with that of Your people. May the pleasing glow of self-approbation, which Providence has implanted in the soul bent on doing good, be never damp'd by the speeches of folly, by the bitterness of a mistaken mind, or by the venom of malicious and ungrateful suspicions; and Your MAJESTY's favourite designs, calculated to give prosperity to Your people, never be defeated, never be retarded by the opposition of the self-interested and the ambitious.

DEDICATION. vii

May the rectitude of Your heart, and the wisdom of Your councils, shine so conspicuous, as to break through the clouds rais'd by discord. May envy and malice fly before You, and, struck by the virtues that best adorn a throne, blush, faint, and die. May domestic felicity, founded on the virtues of Your amiable CONSORT, and Your growing OFFSPRING, ever remain undisturb'd, and, at length, after a long and happy reign, may Your MAJESTY's piety and love for Your people be rewarded with purer and nobler felicity, than

viii DEDICATION.

ever falls to the lot of mortals.
These are the sincere and ar-
dent wishes of

Your MAJESTY'S

Most dutiful and

Most devoted

Subject and servant,

Joseph Collyer.

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T H E
T R A N S L A T O R ' s
P R E F A C E .

TH E extraordinary success
of **THE DEATH OF ABEL**
and the high opinion many persons
of distinguish'd merit have
entertain'd of that work, render'd
them solicitous to see the **MES-**
SIAH attempted in the same man-
ner, and by the same hand ; they
therefore apply'd to Mrs. COL-
LYER, who began the arduous
task ; but had made no great pro-
gress, when a lingering illness, oc-
casion'd by the agitations of mind

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she suffer'd in writing the former work, unhappily for me, and for our children, put a period both to the attempt, and to her life. As none could be better acquainted with her style than myself, I was encourag'd to prosecute what she had begun, for my own benefit, and for that of my family; and I flatter myself, that I too shall meet with candor from the public. With diffidence I began this task; with fear, with labour, and repeated touches, I have prosecuted this piece of religious and moral painting; and at length have brought it to a conclusion.

Mr. KLOPSTOCK has receiv'd from his MESSIAH the honour of being esteem'd the MILTON of

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Germany, and is consider'd as having completed what that favourite son of the British muse had left unfinish'd. I shall not here examine, whether the beauties of the MESSIAH equal those of PARADISE LOST. It is sufficient for me here to observe, that MILTON'S PARADISE REGAIN'D, or, in other words, his MESSIAH, though far from being destitute of merit, is universally allow'd to fall much below the work which has done such honour to his country; and is acknowledg'd to be deficient in that unbounded invention, that beautiful machinery, and variety of characters, which distinguish the first and more vigorous effort of his genius; and

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has justly plac'd the name of MILTON in the same rank with that of the Father of the Epic muse. But this is not all, PARADISE REGAIN'D not only wants these distinguishing excellencies of an Epic poem; but can scarcely be said, in any degree, to answer the title; it being entirely confin'd to the temptations in the wilderness, and on the pinnacle of the temple.

Mr. KLOPSTOCK'S MESSIAH is form'd upon a more extensive and important plan, and includes the sufferings and death of CHRIST; and as that gentleman may probably continue the work till after the resurrection of the MESSIAH, and his visible ascent

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into Heaven, it will then, in the original, be considered as a complete Epic poem: for it abounds in strength of invention, in grand imagery, and in a great variety of characters; some of which are entirely new, and all of them appear well supported. He particularly shines in his descriptions and speeches, in which there is sometimes an amazing sublimity, that seems almost impossible to be transfus'd, with all its force and energy, into another language.

As to the merit of this attempt, I have little to say, that will be determin'd by the judgment of the public. I can only alledge, that I have endeavour'd, to the utmost of my power, to do justice to the

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spirit of the original: but in all human attempts, perfection, and imperfection, only consist in being less or more imperfect. If, therefore in describing things " beyond the visible diurnal sphere," I have sometimes been incapable of keeping up to the strength and sublimity of the excellent original; or if in giving the speeches of the high host of Heaven, I have been unable to find words capable of expressing the glowing fervor of a seraph, every pious, every good natur'd mind, I flatter myself, will excuse the deficiency. Indeed, in the prosecution of this work, I have frequently been fill'd with sensations too big, too sublime for utterance; but happy will it be, if, where I have been

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unable to reach my own ideas, this work raises such great and inexpressible sensations in the minds of my readers.

I cannot conclude this preface without returning my thanks to those Gentlemen and Ladies who have been pleas'd to honour me with their subscriptions; some of whom, from motives of humanity, have exerted themselves with a warmth that does honour to their characters, and others have subscrib'd in so generous a manner, that I might be charg'd with ingratitude, were I not thus publickly to acknowledge the favours I have receiv'd.

O N

DIVINE POETRY.

THE public have a right to expect that the painter, who submits his picture to their judgment, should hang it up, and go away in silence. This rule I have carefully observ'd, and, mingling with the spectators, have held my peace, and improv'd by their observations. Still would I proceed in the same manner, and only take aside such of the spectators as are willing to hear me, and place them in a situation, in which, I

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imagine, they will be enabled to view pieces of this kind in a proper point of view. My design is not here confin'd to the MESSIAH, but to sacred poetry in general.

I am very sensible that, by this means I expose myself to double danger; first, by slightly touching a subject that would require a volume, and by boldly reminding my judges of what they have a right to expect from those who undertake to give others a more sublime view of religion. But notwithstanding this, and, in spite of my aversion to engaging in works of criticism, the hopes of being of use to some, and of giving pleasure to others, have

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enabled me to surmount every difficulty. But, before I enter upon this subject, it seems previously necessary to consider, whether it be allowable for poets to form their plans upon religious subjects. This may be doubted by some truly pious Christians; I shall therefore answer it with that respect which I shall always entertain for every good and upright mind.

That part of revelation which relates to facts, chiefly consists of outlines that were once fill'd up, and form'd great and finish'd pictures. These beautiful outlines the poet carefully studies, and adds those bold touches, and lively colourings which he imagines

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most suitable to the design. Thus the whole, though regulated by the out-lines, is, in a great measure, a picture form'd from the imagination of the poet. Yet in this he does no more than others, who draw different consequences from the unhistorical passages of revelation; and the conduct of both is equally allowable.

But others may, from a still more tender regard for religion, object, that nothing foreign should ever be mix'd with divine revelation, lest the poet, by the force of his enchanting art, should make us forget that we are reading a work of imagination; and that, in an affair of such infinite importance as religion, it is not al-

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lowable to mislead men, by making them mistake fictions for realities. To those who seriously make this objection, I answer, the circumstances which, either from the fervor of the heart, or the warmth of imagination, are, with all the appearance of truth, added to the history, can never be prejudicial to the cause of virtue : for, if ever they be capable of being so, they must plainly appear fictitious, and not founded in truth and nature.

If then it be allowable for the poet to unfold and illustrate what is taught by revelation ; it may be farther ask'd, Under what circumstances he may be permitted to make use of materials

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drawn from religion? To this I answer, that these circumstances are determined by nothing less than the end and design of religion itself. In sacred poetry a part of the plan and superstructure must depend on the genius and taste of the poet; but another, and perhaps the most essential, must arise from his religious turn of mind. His being well acquainted with the nature of religion in general, and his having thoroughly studied all its doctrines, are not sufficient, its truths must also be deeply impress'd on his heart. But before I enlarge on these sentiments, and shew the numerous moral effects that flow from them, it is proper to bestow a few reflections on the genius and taste every person

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should possess, who attempts to distinguish himself in sacred poetry.

Some of my readers are well acquainted with the beauties of poetry, and know the various moral views it is capable of answering. Views which it ought always to have, though it is often without them. They know what the world, from the most enlighten'd judge, down to the lowest imitator, expect from the sublimer kinds of poetry. They who have read, and been accus-tom'd to reflection, hold as infallible, not the judgment of hasty criticism, but that of the public, confirm'd by time; and are convinc'd that what men call criticism, is often only igno-

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rance, positiveness, partiality, and fashion. They are persuaded, that more just and perfect rules of writing may be learnt from a few lines of VIRGIL, or from those who deserve to be rank'd with him, than from all the books of criticism in the world.

But there are other readers who equally deserve our respect, that know little of all this, how much soever they may deserve to know it. These are they who are guided only by the pure unbiased sentiments of nature, and a good heart. As they are the most numerous, the author of a sacred poem must particularly write for them; and it is for

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their fakes I make the following few remarks on the most sublime kind of poetry, in order to shew how it should be employ'd on religious subjects. What I shall offer on this head, shall be reduc'd to the following short propositions.

A piece of sublime poetry is a work of genius, in which strokes of wit are to be sparingly us'd.

There are master-pieces of wit that neither reach the heart, nor flow from it; but a genius without the tender feelings of the heart, is very imperfect.

The highest and utmost effect of genius, is to move the whole soul. We may here arise, by

B

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gradual steps, to stronger and still stronger sensations. This is the grand theatre of the sublime.

Whoever thinks there is but little difference between causing gentle emotions in the soul, and strongly agitating all its powers, has too mean an idea of that immortal substance.

He who would thus move the soul, must, with the finger of harmony, touch every string, with a force suited to the nature of each: for the smallest error is here perceiv'd. He who duly considers this, will often repent his labour in writing.

However the successful poet produces sensations that can nei-

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ther be rais'd by the strongest philosophic conviction; nor yet by any other species of poetry: sensations that, from the strength and duration of their impressions, resemble those we receive from the living examples of the most illustrious of mankind.

Sublime poetry is utterly incapable of corrupting the heart, by dazzling representations that lead to vice; no sooner does it attempt this, than it changes its very nature: for mankind, however debased, can never feel all the powers of the soul mov'd at once, by what is not strictly virtuous.

The ultimate end of sublime poetry, and the true mark of its value, is moral beauty. This is alone

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sufficient to charm and animate the soul. The divine poet must raise us above all narrow, mean, and contracted views, and draw us strongly with a rapturous stream. He must deeply impress on our minds the idea of our immortality, and that we are capable of arriving even in this life, at a high degree of virtue and intellectual happiness. The man rais'd to this height, is the only qualify'd reader, and competent judge of divine poetry.

Man may here, even without a revelation, make great advances. HOMER, setting aside his mythology, which was not his own invention, abounds with excellent moral precepts. But when divine revelation becomes our guide, we ascend from a hill that rises upon the top of a mountain.

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YOUNG's Night Thoughts is, perhaps, a work that has the merit of having fewer faults than any other. If we take from him what he says as a Christian, SOCRATES remains : but how does the Christian rise above SOCRATES ?

The following remarks will not, perhaps, be superfluous, with respect to the observation I have still to offer on the nature of divine poetry.

We attribute to the soul, as its higher faculties, judgment, imagination, and volition ; all which the poet must address in performances of a sublime nature.

He must place before the judgment such truths as most deserve to be known, and which are alone, or

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at least, best felt and understood,
by the honest and upright mind.

To the imagination he must oft-
ner paint those objects that compose
the great and awful beauties of na-
ture, than such as only gently sooth
the soul; and in drawing these he
will best succeed, when, from the
fire of his own imagination, he
feels the ideas he would excite.

And, to influence the will, which
is a leading power of the soul, he
will introduce such sentiments as
raise, expand, and ennoble the heart.

His design is more extensive than
awaking a single passion, while the
rest are lull'd to sleep. He is not
contented with affording his read-
ers a most pleasing amusement, and

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decoying us into an indolent approbation : but by a master-piece of skill he lays before us views, at which, by a sudden and powerful touch, he makes us cry out with joy, stand immoveably fix'd in astonishment, or fill'd with grief and terror, turn pale, tremble, and weep.

A critic will scarce venture to investigate the causes that produce such sudden and powerful effects : causes and effects so variously delicate, and which have such manifold relations to each other, that it is infinitely difficult justly to unravel them; and were this even done, none but a sagacious reader, of a peculiar taste, would be able to understand it. This the poet alone knows; he knows still more;

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but should he increase his knowledge, it would not add to his poetic abilities. However this unraveling of the clew will lead us thro' the whole labyrinth, and though from the fineness of the thread we are expos'd to continual danger of mistakes, we shall still endeavour to follow it.

The most difficult point is for both the author and reader of a large sacred poem fully to comprehend, and form a true judgment of the whole plan. It is here essentially necessary for the poet to conduct his work with simplicity, and to connect it with variety, in an agreeable manner, to one great end: to give a certain sublimity to the reigning idea of the poem: to teach the just limits of daring flights of invention, without going

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beyond them: to introduce new characters, so great and amiable, that it shall appear strange they should be still new; to make the principal occurrences go hand in hand with the reader, and the episodes attend on the main design; bearing a near, but yet a subordinate relation to it, and manifestly forming a part of its train. There is also a certain order requir'd in the construction of the plan, in which, art, lying cover'd in its most secret ambush, produces the more powerful effects, in proportion as it is concealed. This secret order should be observed in the connection and proper change of those scenes in which either truth, imagination, or the passions are chiefly to preside; and these scenes are to introduce, to support or to raise each other, so as to

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add to the force, the dignity, the beauty and harmony of the whole. Thus when the poet in some important part of his work designs strongly to affect the mind, he will perhaps proceed unobserv'd in the following manner. If he would have all this performed by the plan, he will say, in order strongly to affect the mind, I gradually rise, that every step may prepare for what is to follow. In order to fill my readers with a sorrow mixed with silent astonishment, I must insensibly encompass them with sorrowful images. I must first remind them of certain truths that open the soul to the reception of the last, and most powerful impressions, and after having for some time pass'd by silent tombs still strewed with flowers, I shall

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come to the deep and open grave
fill'd with the dead. Were I abruptly
to bring them thither, they
would be rather stunned than fill'd
with strong sensations. These
preparations belong to my plan,
and therefore I must thus arrange
them.

The sublime, when, in this manner,
carried to its full maturity
and perfection, agitates the whole
soul, and has the greatest effect on
him, who being accustomed to lofty
ideas, seldom wonders; but
when he does, is fill'd with higher
admiration than little minds are
capable of feeling: while souls
of a second order are so affected by
certain strokes, that they cannot
be so properly said to feel as to
shudder. The powers of the soul
act in such harmony, that, if I may

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use the expression, they continually flow into each other, and one being powerfully struck, the sensation is communicated to all. The poet raises an image : he gives it such propriety, that it charms the understanding ; and besides, adds certain touches that reach the heart. Simple truths, which only seem fit to affect the judgment, in his hands assume the pleasing appearance of images, adorned with such dignity and sublimity, that they raise the noblest affections of the mind, which beam out, and become virtues. It is the heart that is here affected, and how suddenly does it kindle into a flame ! the whole soul becomes expanded, the imagination is awakened, and all our ideas exalted and enlarged. For though some

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passions disturb the powers of thought, yet, in general, the heart, on being strongly moved, excites just, sublime, and noble ideas. Hence arise new sources of harmony in the soul, new thoughts, new sensations, new designs, and new resolutions.

But to this elevation frequently adheres a certain degree of mediocrity. We feel it, and long to rise higher: the soul is not satisfy'd: it requires still more: religion is wanting, which is alone capable of filling and satisfying its most capacious desires; and we were yet only in the sphere where we ourselves have discovered truth. Happy is he whose knowledge, whose ideas and sensations, are extensive: but how much happier is the man who has

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begun to understand and feel the sublime truths of religion.

Revealed religion may be compar'd to an human being full of life, health and vigour, though in many religious tracts, of great use in their kind, it appears no more than a mere skeleton. The poet aspires to imitate revelation, as he endeavours to imitate nature: but though revelation follows nature in moving the heart, yet the additional means it uses to render us more virtuous and happy, are far more sublime. Sacred Poetry demands a much nobler theatre, and is govern'd by the plan of revelation. But a poem built on a particular history of the Old Testament, should be constructed on a different plan from one that is

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connected with the essence and whole of religion. In sacred poetry the majestic dignity both of the characters and the actions constitute, perhaps, its greatest difficulties, and many arguments may be brought against introducing God as speaking at all. In revelation he is represented speaking in a two-fold manner: sometimes he uses very concise language, especially under his majestic character of Creator and Judge of the world; but he is more frequently introduced shewing mankind the causes of his judgments, and the conditions of obtaining his favour. This dignity and propriety should also be preserv'd in those images by which the poet represents the actions of God, and he should carefully keep close to revelation in

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such passages as are peculiarly sacred. Even the under characters in a divine poem must have a suitable dignity: for such characters and actions as properly claim a place in other epic poems, are justly excluded those of a sacred nature.

The histories contained in the Bible, especially those that have no relation to the essential parts of religion, mention only a few of the great events, while the rest must ever be concealed from us, at least in this world; and some of those we are favoured with, are told in so concise a manner, that we must necessarily form in our minds some idea of the circumstances, before we can fully understand them; and this affords ground for probable fiction in general. Certain truths,

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not necessary to be known in this life, are also reveal'd in such a manner, that they appear like hints of farther truths to be discovered by reflection; and such discoveries are not only within the province of sacred poetry; but even fictions may be founded upon them. Some critics are very liberal in permitting poets, where history is deficient, to build on tradition and conjecture: but the sacred poet must be more cautious than others, and take particular care not to introduce any thing contrary to the truth, and to feign nothing unworthy of it.

Divine revelation consists of precepts, events, and prophecies, intermix'd with moral truths. Though these are, in general, de-

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liver'd pretty clearly, there are many passages that require deep meditation. But it is very extraordinary, that interpreters should err in giving the sense of those passages that are clear and plain no less than in those that are abstruse and difficult. I do not here call conjecture error ; for where a passage of scripture calls for it, we may certainly be allow'd to offer our conjectures, especially if this be done with modesty. But with regard to probability and certainty, the sacred poet should make it a rule to deliver, in their full force, such reveal'd moral truths as particularly rise above those that are merely philosophical. Revelation, though solemn and sublime, has nothing in it that appears morose and gloomy : it is therefore calculated

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to inspire a pleasing and chearful piety. Again, some sacred transactions do not require the embellishments of fancy, while others seem to demand it : as for instance, the following passage ; “ Many bodies of the saints that slept arose after his resurrection, and came into the city, and appeared unto many.”

Where application to prophecy is necessary, the poet should follow the general rule observ'd by the interpreters of Scripture, and deliver the accomplishment in the same manner as that in which the prophets foretold it. Mysteries should be deliver'd with the greatest simplicity, except where they relate to historical facts, and in all those that have a relation to the redemption of man, the poet

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should be extremely cautious not to deviate from revelation.

When I observ'd, that a poet should imitate revelation as he would imitate nature, I did not mean in the style and diction; but in the principal plan of religion, the grand and wonderful occurrences already past, and the still more wonderful yet to come; in the edifying truths, the striking dignity, the amazing sublimity of revelation, join'd with the most amiable simplicity, the most earnest seriousness, and the most ardent love: these, and the like beauties of revelation, as far as the powers of the human mind can reach should be carefully imitated. This is very different from imitating the style of the prophets in their master-pieces of eloquence, and energy of expression.

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The Greeks, the Romans, and the French, have all their short golden age of polite literature; and I do not know why we have not given one to the English: They have long had master-pieces, and these have not ceased with GLOVER. The golden age of the Hebrews is of much longer duration, as it begins with MOSES, or JOB; and among them we find two different kinds of style; the eastern style in general, and that of revelation.

The higher characters which are beyond the sphere of the visible creation, are brought into it by revelation, and must be drawn in a manner suitable to human conceptions. For this there are sufficient grounds, as it is probable that finite spirits, particularly employed in the visible world, have some kind of corporeal vehi-

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cles ; and that those employ'd in administering to the redemption of man should be invested with ethereal bodies, in some degree resembling that of the REDEEMER. The sacred poet has here a new scene open'd to his imagination, and may advance nearer to his great end, by giving such touches to his characters, as at once employ the understanding, and affect the heart. Simplicity and sublimity must add the finishing strokes.

What astonishing truths does revelation offer to the mind ! how do they restore the soul to her native sublimity ! and how great is their variety ! Each branch affords a shade, under which the weary traveller may repose, and inhale the breath of life. “ Be ye perfect, as your FATHER who is in Heaven is perfect,” says the great Founder of our religion.

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When the poet would not deliver such exhortations in vain, he must express them in such a manner as at once to affect both the judgment and the heart.

In every species of oratory the highest view of the master, and the effect expected by the hearer, is giving strong emotions to the soul. Doing this by the force of religion, is a new species of the sublime, which, without revelation would be involv'd in clouds. Here both the poet and his reader may certainly know, whether they are Christians; for he can be nothing less who here moves our whole souls; nor he who finds himself thus moved: for how shall a poet of the greatest genius, without feeling the strong impressions of religion; without an upright heart, glowing with all the fervor of piety, produce in our

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minds the most lively and devout sensations?

Where the pretended Freethinker, and the Christian who only understands half of his religion, see only a spacious heap of ruins, the true Christian beholds a magnificent temple. And how can the former see more than ruins, when a small mistake in the view, to his perverted sight, changes magnificence into confusion? It requires more than the knowledge of mythology to understand and feel the beauties of HOMER, and much more than philosophy to relish the sublime graces of revelation.

F

M

VOL. I

THE
FIRST BOOK
OF THE
MESSIAH.

VOL. I. C

THE ARGUMENT.

The MESSIAH, withdrawing from the multitude, ascends the mount of Olives ; and, in a solemn prayer, repeats his promise to undertake the redemption of mankind. He sends GABRIEL to present his petitions to the MOST HIGH. The seraph proceeds through a path illuminated by suns ; and, reaching Heaven, hears a song of praise. ELOA meets GABRIEL, and conducts him to the altar of the MESSIAH ; upon which he offers incense. The omnipotent FATHER at length opens with his thunders the holy sanctuary. A discourse between ELOA and URIM, on the prophetic visions seen in that sacred place. God speaks. ELOA proclaims his more particular orders. GABRIEL is sent to the angels of the earth, and to those of the sun. He descends to the earth, and finds the MESSIAH asleep, addresses him, and then proceeds to the guardian angels of the earth, who reside in its centre ; where he finds the souls of infants, which are there prepared for Heaven. Thence he ascends to the sun ; where he sees the souls of the patriarchs, with URIEL, the angel of that orb.

THE

M · E · S · S · I · A · H.

B O O K I.

INSPIR'D by thine immortality,
 rise my soul, and sing the honours
 of thy great REDEEMER: honours obtain'd
 in hard adversity's rough school—
 obtain'd by suffering for the sins and
 woes of others, himself sinless. Re-
 count, with humble gratitude, those
 guiltless sufferings, the bitter conse-
 quences of love to man's degenerate
 race. In vain SATAN rag'd against
 the LORD'S ANOINTED: in vain Judea
 set herself against him; he accomplish'd,
 in his humanity, the great work of our
 redemption.

O work divine, compleatly known
 only to the OMNIPRESENT GOD! May
 the muse presume, with awful distance,

4 THE MESSIAH. Book I.

to penetrate the sacred veil that surrounds thee, and feeble man attempt thy praise! Can a weak mortal explain thy heights, thy depths? Assist me, O thou divine SPIRIT! before whom I suppliant bow; lead and inspire me, that full of rapture—full of thee, I may penetrate the depths profound of heavenly wisdom; contemplate the glorious plan of man's redemption, through the obscurity of ages past, and enlighten'd by thy revelations, in exalted strains, display the great MESSIAH's love to ADAM's ruin'd race.

Rejoice, ye sons of earth, in the honour bestow'd on man. He who was before all worlds: he, by whom all things in this visible creation were made, came down to earth as your REDEEMER! Hear and join my song, ye noble few, ye favourites of the amiable MEDIATOR; who, inspir'd by his example, with filial love, with devout piety, tread the path of life, and with humble hope, wait for the rich

BOOK. I. THE MESSIAH. 5

rewards of virtue, when crown'd with glory and array'd in righteousness, he again shall descend, and come to judge the world.

Near Jerusalem, once the city where God display'd his grace; once the nurse of the holy prophets, though she had now thrown away the crown of high election, and was become an altar of blood, shed by murderers; the divine MESSIAH withdrew from the multitude, and sought retirement. He conceal'd himself from a people, who, though they had paid him honours, strewing his path with branches of palm, and shouting forth his praises in loud hosannahs, receiv'd him not with the singleness of heart that pleases the all-piercing eye of God. Looking for a temporal king, array'd in earthly glories, and the pageantry of mortals, they set at naught God's great Vicegerent: to see their SAVIOUR under the form of a Carpenter's son, their eye was too dim, their faith too weak.

6 THE MESSIAH. BOOK. I.

From Heaven God himself had descended, and a mighty voice proclaiming, I have glorify'd my SON, and will again glorify him, announç'd the present Deity. But blinded by their lusts, they despis'd his mission, and refus'd to accept him as the MESSIAH, whose coming was foretold by the holy prophets. From these, flow of heart, JESUS withdrew.

On the side where the sun first gilds Jerusalem with his beams, rises a mountain, whose top the holy MEDIATOR had often honour'd with his presence, when during the solitary night, he, wakeful, spent his hours in fervent prayer. Thither he now went to offer up his supplications to the eternal FATHER, and once more to declare his full, his free resolution to sanctify the favour'd sons of men. JOHN, his beloved disciple, follow'd him as far as the grottos, where stood the tombs of the prophets, intending to watch the tedious night with his divine friend; but

BOOK I. THE MESSIAH. 7

to the summit of the mountain JESUS ascended alone. Around him glimmer'd the distant light of the sacrifices, flaming to appease the DEITY, on high Moria; where, ignorant of the salvation offer'd them by the divine MESSENGER OF GOD, they shed the blood of bulls and of goats, as an atonement for the sins of the people. Vain oblations, without renovation of heart, and amendment of life! Here he rested, where the olive spreads her refreshing shade, and gentle breezes hover'd round. The angel given the MESSIAH, as his ministering spirit, GABRIEL his heavenly name, now stood between two perfume-breathing cedars, contemplating on the salvation of man, and the triumphs of eternity. JESUS pass'd by. GABRIEL knew that the time of man's redemption was at hand, and his mind was full of holy rapture, when he thus address'd the MESSIAH; Wilt thou, O divine SAVIOUR of men!— wilt thou again spend the lonesome

8 THE MESSIAH. Book I.

night in prayer? Or do thy weary limbs demand repose? Here the cedar stretches forth her verdant arms to shelter thee; and here the fragrant shrubs breathe their sweets. Yonder grows soft moss in a cool soil. Shall I of that prepare a couch on which thou may'st rest thy sacred head? O thou compassionate REDEEMER! how art thou spent! To what sufferings art thou expos'd from thy fervent love to the human race! JESUS answered not; but rewarded him with a look of divine complacency.

The MESSIAH now reach'd the summit of the mountain. This was the confines of Heaven; for GOD was there; and there JESUS pray'd. Earth resounded, and his voice penetrated the gates of the deep: but it was not the voice of threatenings dreadfully utter'd in storm and tempest. It was the voice of the blessed SAVIOUR, speaking peace on earth, good-will towards men. Earth rejoic'd as at the

BOOK I. THE MESSIAH. 9

renewal of her beauty; her hills overspread with an amiable twilight, shouted forth their joy: but only the eternal FATHER and himself know the whole of the divine petition. This alone the tongue of man can utter.

ALMIGHTY FATHER! the hour of suffering draws near — of suffering for the salvation of men. Chosen by thee as their REDEEMER, lo, I come to do thy will, O GOD! To Thee, O thou SUPREME! is known the glory, the felicity, that I enjoy'd ere, by thy power, I form'd this earth—ere man was created out of the dust. ETERNAL FATHER, thou knowest—it is known also to the host of Heaven, with what ardour I have long'd for the salvation of fallen man. This earth, before my humiliation in an human body, was my chosen object. Often have I cast an eye of pity on thee, O Canaan, land of my future nativity! Often have I lamented the obduracy of thy sons, my brethren. I saw through futurity, and

10 THE MESSIAH. Book I.

triumph'd in the view of my becoming the Redeemer of all nations : the Saviour of millions of intelligent beings, who with me will eternally enjoy transcendent felicity. I still rejoice in the glorious prospect. But, O my FATHER and my GOD ! I must first drink of the cup of bitterness. Hide—oh hide not thy face from my distress. If it be thy good pleasure that I fall a prey to cruel and blood-thirsty men, forsake me not, O my GOD ! in the terrible hour ! Nature recoils ; my flesh trembles ; but HEAVENLY FATHER, thy will be done. I give myself a willing sacrifice for the sins of men. Accept, O my GOD ! of my sincere obedience, and when I shall have sealed my mission with my blood, receive me again to thy bosom. O my FATHER, I know that thou wilt reward my ready submission to thy will, and that miriads of applauding angels will witness and hail my triumph before the eternal throne.

BOOK I. THE MESSIAH. 11

Thus spake the holy JESUS, and arose.
In his countenance shone sublimity, filial love and resignation. The ETERNAL FATHER looking with delight and complacency on his divine SON, answer'd, I raise my head above the highest Heavens, and stretch my hand thro' the immensity of space, and swear to Thee, my beloved SON, that I will forgive the sins of the repentant children of men. For thy sake, and through thy mediation, I will accept of their sincere, though imperfect obedience, and reward those who, like thee, are distinguish'd by a patient continuance in well-doing, with glory, and honour, and immortality.

While the ETERNAL thus spake, all nature shook: souls just emerging from non-existence, which had not yet begun to think, trembled, and first caught sensation. Unusual awe overwhelm'd the heart of the seraph; he was agitated like the earth, when she expects an approaching tempest. The apostate spirits,

12 THE MESSIAH. Book. I.

in the fiery deep, shook on their burning thrones, in fearful expectation of encreasing punishment. They sunk lower in the bottomless pit, and on each fell an huge mass of flaming sulphur. All Hell resounded with the execrations of these malignants, against God and his Anointed, the holy JESUS.

The MESSIAH still continued standing before the ETERNAL FATHER. At a distance GABRIEL lay on his face in prostrate adoration, fill'd with new and rapturous contemplations. During the innumerable ages of his existence, never had he felt ideas and sensations so affecting and sublime. The infinite love and condescension of the almighty FATHER, the grace and compassion of the great REDEEMER, now open'd on his astonish'd mind. The seraph arose—he stood amaz'd—he pray'd.—Joy inexpressible thrill'd through his whole frame. From him issu'd such refulgent light and splendor, that the earth melted under his feet : when the divine ME-

BOOK I. THE MESSIAH. 13

DIATOR, seeing the summit of the mountain illumin'd by his brightness, said, O GABRIEL, veil thy lustre, and remember that thou ministerest to me on earth. Hasten now to lay this my request before my FATHER, that the noblest of the human race, the blessed patriarchs and prophets, with all the celestial spirits, may behold that fulness of time for which they have so ardently long'd. There thou needst not shroud thy glory, since thou wilt appear as the messenger of the MESSIAH.

Silent the seraph, with heavenly grace and lustre, ascended. JESUS follow'd him with his eyes, tracing his rapid course up to the confines of Heaven.

Now he and the FATHER enter'd on discourses mysterious and profound: obscure even to the immortals: discourses of things which, in future ages, should display the love of GOD to man.

The seraph enter'd the borders of the celestial world, whose whole extent is surrounded with suns, which, as an ethe-

14 THE MESSIAH. Book I.

rial curtain of interwoven light, extend their lustre around Heaven. No dark planet approaches the refulgent blaze. Clouded nature flies swiftly by, far distant. There the terrestrial orbs seem to roll minute and imperceptible, as the dust, the habitation of worms, is seen to rise from under the foot of the traveller. Around Heaven are a thousand paths of extent immeasurable, also border'd by suns.

Along the ethereal way that leads from Heaven to Earth, when first created, constant flow'd, from a source celestial, down to Eden's happy groves, a lucid stream, thro' which God and his angels descended, when they deign'd to hold blest intercourse with man. But ah! too soon the lucid stream was call'd upwards: for man by sin polluted, had turn'd a rebel to his God! The immortals then no longer visibly appear'd in all their radiant lustre: they withdrew from a land defac'd by guilt, and left a prey to Death. The silent hill

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BOOK. I. THE MESSIAH. 15

where yet remain'd the vestiges of the
presence of the ETERNAL: the whis-
pering groves, honoured by the ap-
pearance of the MOST HIGH: the
sacred peaceful vales, once with plea-
sure frequented by the youth of Hea-
ven: the umbrageous bowers, where
the human heart first overflow'd with
sweet sensations and extatic, grateful
rapture; and where the first man wept
for joy that he was thus to live forever.
These, these the blest spirits left. Curs'd
was the earth; it became the general
tomb of its once immortal inhabitants.
But when hereafter, purify'd by fire,
it shall triumphant rise from its ashes,
renewed in beauty, and GOD, by his
omnipotent voice, shall unite the ter-
restrial orbs to the Heaven of Heavens,
the world shall be one Paradise. Then
shall the etherial stream of heavenly
light again roll from its celestial source,
and with resplendent brightness flow to
Eden. Then shall assemblies of ra-
diant spirits, coming to earth, frequent

16 THE MESSIAH. Book I.

it's lucid banks, and seek sweet communion with the new immortals.

Up this sacred way GABRIEL now ascended, and soon approach'd Heaven, the peculiar residence of the Divine Glory.

In the centre of the assemblage of suns, Heaven rises into an immense dome. The ORIGIN of worlds, the ARCHITYPE of all that appears fair and lovely, diffuses beauty, in flowing streams, through the infinite expanse. When the ETERNAL walks forth, the harmonic choirs borne on the wings of the wind, to the borders of the sunny arch, chant his praise, joining the melody of their golden harps, while he who looks with complacency and delight on all his works, smiles benignant, at the effusions of their gratitude and love.

O thou who teache'st my tongue to utter celestial strains! associate of angels! prophets of GOD! instruct me to rehearse the song then sung by the sons of Heaven.

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BOOK. I. THE MESSIAH. 17

Hail sacred land, where the MOST HIGH displays his majesty and grace! Here our dazzled eyes behold him unveil'd, and shining in unclouded light, diffusing joy and rapture through all the bless'd. How infinite art thou in all thy perfections, O JEHOVAH! Our songs, pour'd forth with grateful fervor, and all the powers of harmony, in vain attempt to extol thine excellence. Lost in thine immensity, in feeble strains we strive to express thy glory. Thou alone art perfect — Thou alone, from the essential excellence of thy nature, wert ever sublimely happy: nor can our homage add to thine underiv'd felicity. Yet, O MOST GRACIOUS! prompted by thine overflowing goodness, thou hast created beings to taste thy love, and share thy bliss. Thou Heaven wast first created, then us, Heaven's inhabitants. Far wast thou from thy birth, thou young terrestrial globe, and thou sun, and thou, O moon, the favour'd earth's attendants!

18 THE MESSIAH. Book. I.

First born of the material creation,
 what was thine appearance, when, after
 an eternity of ages, GOD descended and
 created thee the mansion of his glory?
 Thine immense circle call'd to existence
 was stretch'd out, and assum'd its glori-
 ous form. The creative voice went
 forth, and join'd the first murmur of
 the crySTALLINE waters. They heard the
 awful sound, and rais'd mountain on
 mountain; like terrestrial worlds. There
 big with thought, didst thou, CREATOR
 OMNIPOTENT, sit on thy new exalted
 throne. Oh hail—hail him in joyful
 transports—Then, then were ye creat-
 ed, ye angels, ye cherubim and sera-
 phim, incorporeal beings, sublime in
 thought, and quick to perceive, adoring,
 the wonders of your great CREATOR.
 Hallelujah, a joyful hallelujah we will
 incessantly sing to the FIRST OF BEINGS.
 At thy voice solitude fled: at thy word
 the angelic spirits arose to life and bliss.
 Hallelujah.

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BOOK. I. THE MESSIAH. 19

During the hymn the MEDIATOR'S
refulgent messenger stood on one of the
suns nearest Heaven. The ETERNAL
FATHER rewarded the celestial choir
with a look of benignity, and then be-
held the seraph. He also attracted the
eyes of all the heavenly host, and bow-
ing low in awful adoration, the first of
the seraphs went to conduct him in so-
lemn state to the sacred presence. His
name with GOD is The CHOSEN; but
by the heavenly host he is call'd ELOA.
'This is the fairest spirit of Heaven: his
thoughts are more sublime than the en-
raptur'd soul of man can conceive: his
looks more lovely than the vernal morn,
brighter than the stars, when with youth-
ful splendor they flew from the CREA-
TOR'S forming hand to run their courses.
At his creation the ETERNAL reduc'd
the resplendent crimson of the morning
into an ethereal body, and the radiant
clouds of Heaven instantly gather'd
round him. GOD then with outstretch'd
arm rais'd him from them, and blessing

20 THE MESSIAH. BOOK I.

him, said, Behold thy CREATOR ! The seraph stood before him, and seeing the ETERNAL, view'd him with rapture, till he sunk, overpower'd by the refulgent brightness of the divine countenance. At length he utter'd the new and elevated sensations of his heavenly mind: but worlds shall perish, a new system be rais'd from the dust, and ages be lost in eternity, before the most exalted Christian shall feel sensations so sublime.

ELOA, who flew with glowing beams, and in all his lustre, to conduct GABRIEL to the altar of the MEDIATOR, knew him far distant, and melted into pleasing rapture at the sight of one with whom he had before taken a circuit through all the wide creation of GOD, visiting each world with its inhabitants, and performing actions not to be imitated by the most perfect of the race of man. Now to each other known, they, with cordial looks of love and open arms, fly swift into each other's embrace, where they remain tremulous

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BOOK I. THE MESSIAH. 21

with joy. Thus tremble two virtuous brothers, who, after braving death for their country, and performing immortal deeds, meet, full of heroic ardour, and embrace before their still greater father. GOD from afar beheld and bless'd them. They mov'd towards the celestial throne, friendship giving a brighter glow to their heavenly lustre, while they approach'd the sanctuary of GOD. Near the seat of the divine splendor, on a celestial mount rests the night of the MOST HOLY. A pale silver light glimmers within the mysterious place, but the inside is conceal'd by a sacred gloom from the eyes of angels ; except when GOD himself, by his majestic thunder, opens the veil of darkness, and then the celestial spectators behold and adore.

At the entrance of the sanctuary, the altar of the MESSIAH, like the mount of GOD, stood unclouded. Thither GABRIEL went in festal splendor, carrying two golden censers : then stood wrapt up in thought. ELOA, who was with

22 THE MESSIAH. Book I.

him, call'd forth from his harp divine
 harmony, to prepare the offering seraph
 for supplications fervent and sublime.
 The flowing melody fill'd GABRIEL
 with an heavenly transport, and swell'd
 his labouring thoughts to extasy. Thus
 the ocean rises, when the voice of the
 LORD moves over it with mighty winds.
 The messenger of the MESSIAH then
 rais'd his eyes to GOD, and offer'd up
 the petitions. The ETERNAL heard
 his prayer, and with him all the ce-
 lestial host. The SUPREME himself
 caus'd a descending flame to light the
 incense. Fumes of fragrance then a-
 rising, ascended to GOD, as on earth
 mountains raise their lofty heads to-
 wards Heaven.

GOD had fix'd his all-seeing eyes on
 this terrestrial globe, where the RE-
 DEEMER, transported with love to man,
 was still engag'd in prayer: but now
 the face of the ALMIGHTY, beaming
 with grace and mercy, fill'd all Hea-
 ven with refulgent glory. With silent

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BOOK. I. THE MESSIAH. 23

rapture the exalted spirits adoring, wait
the voice of the LORD. The celestial
cedars no longer wave: the cristaline
ocean lies silent within its lofty shores:
the breathing winds stop within the bra-
zen mountains, and with expanded wings
wait for the voice divine. This uni-
versal silence remain'd unbroken, till
thunder suddenly rolling from the san-
ctuary, proclaimed the approaching an-
swer. The most holy place also open'd
to prepare the expecting Heavens.
Then to the mighty ELOA, the cherub
URIM, wrapt in divine contemplations,
said, Behold, O ELOA, the holy of
holies! At this the seraph arose, and
advancing with solemn pace, cry'd, I
see on those golden pillars the mysteri-
ous tables of prescience. There the
book of life is opened by the breath of
mighty winds. That of the general judg-
ment now opens dreadful, like the wav-
ing banners of hostile seraphs, and
threatens destruction to all the workers
of iniquity. The ALMIGHTY draws
back the veil: but see URIM, the sa-

24 THE MESSIAH. Book I.

cred candlesticks glimmer through a silver cloud, that resembles the morning dew descending on the hills. Thus in prophetic vision shine the Christians, the future heirs of salvation. I see thousands and ten thousands of those golden candlesticks, typical of the churches. O URIM! count the sacred number. URIM reply'd, We can number the worlds, we can count the radiant seats of the angels, and the mansions of the blest'd; but not the effects of the great redemption, nor the boundless mercies of the Most HIGH. I now see, return'd ELOA, the judgment seat of CHRIST. How tremendous art thou, O JUDGE of the earth, seated on high, and rising on tempestuous clouds, amidst the bursts of rolling thunder; radiant with mercy, and arm'd for destruction!

Thus convers'd ELOA and URIM on these mysterious visions. Seven times had the thunder open'd the sacred darkness, when the awful voice of the ETERNAL slowly descended.

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Vol. I.

I am Love. Such was I before the existence of my creatures—before I form'd the worlds: and now I am Love in my conduct towards man; in the accomplishment of the great work of redemption, by my sending my beloved SON to die for sinners. Did not my almighty arm support you, ye exalted, but finite beings, the tremendous fight of his awful death, would put a period to your existence. The ETERNAL was silent. Struck with deep amazement, the ethereal spirits with folded hands stood before him. Now making a sign to ELOA, that seraph, with humility in his look, view'd the face of Heaven's gracious KING, and instantly reading there the thoughts divine, turn'd to the celestial audience, and said, Behold the ETERNAL, ye righteous sons of Heaven, and know his counsels. Next to his dear SON, were ye most belov'd, when he laid the gracious plan of redemption. That ye have ardently long'd to see the day of salvation, and to behold the great MESSIAH triumph over the powers of Hell, GOD is

26 THE MESSIAH. Book I.

your witness. Blessed be ye his offspring. Shout for joy that ye see the glory of his face, who is the SOURCE of Being, the ETERNAL and UNCHANGEABLE, whose mercy endureth for ever. He whom no creature can conceive, condescends to term you his children. For your sake alone, this messenger of peace is sent by his beloved SON, to the celestial altars. Rejoice, ye inhabitants of the earth, we will join with you in admiring the wonders of your redemption, which we shall behold with clearer light, with purer devotion, and more extatic rapture, while we give our pity to you, ye devout and humble friends of the REDEEMER, who are still liable to darkness and error. But while his cruel, his obdurate persecutors have their names eras'd from the book of life, to you, ye faithful, your SAVIOUR sends a divine light. Ye shall then no longer, with weeping eyes, behold his sacred blood; but joyful shall see it stream for you, flowing into eternal life. Then, solac'd in the bosom of peace, ye shall tri-

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Book I. THE MESSIAH. 27

umphant celebrate the festival of everlasting repose. Ye souls now escap'd from the snares of life, and rais'd to glory, begin the eternal jubilee, which shall last when time shall be no more. The righteous children of the earth shall, generation after generation, be gather'd to you, and join your bless'd assemblies, till at last, at the consummation of all things, they and you shall at the general judgment, be clothed with new and immortal bodies, and enter into more perfect felicity. Meanwhile, ye exalted angels of the throne, inform the guardians of God's immense creation, that they prepare to celebrate the chosen day; and ye saints of the human race — ye progenitors of the MESSIAH; (for, from those bones of mortality ye have left in the dust, ripening for the resurrection, he deriv'd his human form) to you also are imparted the joy which God alone feels entire, mingled with the sensations of the DEITY. Ye immortal souls arise and hasten to the sun that illumines the orb of redemption:

28 THE MESSIAH. Book. I.

there shall ye distant see the first sufferings of the great REDEEMER. Descend by that luminous path, whence ye shall behold the whole extent of nature, rising to your view in renewed beauty. Hear it, O Heavens! the great JEHOVAH will establish a day of sacred rest, a second sabbath, more solemn than that when ye spiritual intelligences, and ye seraphic spirits, with joyful acclamations celebrated the completion of the great work of creation. New born nature then smil'd with ravishing beauty. The morning stars sang together, and join'd with you, ye angels, in paying homage to the great CREATOR. Now the MESSIAH, the Effluence of his glory, will accomplish a work of grace and mercy still more resplendent. Thus rapt in astonishment, ELOA spake. Silent the heavenly host look'd up to the sanctuary: when, at a sign from God, the messenger of the MESSIAH ascended to the lofty throne, and there receiv'd secret orders to be deliver'd to URIEL, and the guardians of the earth, concerning the

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BOOK. I. THE MESSIAH. 29

miracles to be perform'd at the death of
CHRIST.

In the mean time the cherubims had descended from their seats, GABRIEL follow'd, and approaching the altar of the earth, distant heard from the high-bending arch of Heaven, sighs and ejaculations in plaintive accents breath'd for the salvation of man: above all he distinguish'd those utter'd by the first of the human race.

This is the altar of which the prophet of the new covenant saw the celestial model on the shore of Patmos, where he heard the voices of the martyrs, in mournful sounds, ascend, while, with angelic tears, they lamented that the JUDGE so long delay'd the day of vengeance.

The seraph having descended to the altar of the earth, ADAM, fill'd with eager expectation, hasten'd towards him, not unseen. A lucid ethereal body was the radiant mansion of his blessed spirit, and his form as lovely as the bright image in the CREATOR's mind, when meditating on the form of man in the blooming fields

of Paradise. ADAM approach'd with an amiable smile, that diffus'd over his face an air of sweetest dignity, and thus with impassion'd accents spoke; Hail happy seraph! messenger of peace! at the voice of thy blessed embassy, which resounded from afar, my soul arose joyful. Thou dear MESSIAH, may I too, like this seraph, behold thee in thy sacred manly beauty, in the garb of compassion, in which thou hast consented to reconcile my fallen offspring, Lead me to the steps imprinted by the feet of my REDEEMER, the friend of all my race. At due distance will I attend him. Shew me where he pours out his soul in fervent prayer for man. Ah, may the first of sinners presume to behold him through his gushing tears of joy! O earth, my native land! I was once thy first inhabitant! On thee I cast a tender look: thy fields, blasted by the thunder of the curse, would, in the company of the divine MESSIAH, now vested in a mortal body, like that I left in the dust, be more delightful, than,

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BOOK. I. THE MESSIAH. 31

O Paradise! thy flowery plains, copy'd
from the celestial meads.

Thy desire, first of men, answer'd the
seraph, with friendly voice, I will men-
tion to the MEDIATOR. If it be his
pleasure, he himself will intimate to thee,
that thou shalt see him as he is, with all
his glories shrouded by his humiliation.

Now the angelic spirits leaving Heaven,
swiftly distributed themselves among all
the various worlds form'd by the hand of
the OMNIPOTENT. To the earth GA-
BRIEL descended alone; when the stars,
moving in their several orbits, silently sa-
luted him with an universal morn. In-
stantly resounded from every quarter, new
names given to the terraqueous globe,
which they term'd The favourite of Hea-
ven, the place where GOD a second time
displays his glory, the lasting witness of
the mercy and compassion of the great
MESSIAH. Thus angelic voices from
each orb resounded through the wide ex-
panse. GABRIEL heard them, while with
speedy flight he descended to the earth.

32 THE MESSIAH. BOOK. I.

Here the unruffled veil of darkness cover'd the mountains; cool and silent repose reign'd in the lowly vales. With eager looks GABRIEL enter'd the gloom, seeking the MESSIAH. Him he found in a lonely valley, winding between the aspiring summits of Olivet's sacred mount. Overcome with thoughts profound, the blessed SAVIOUR was fallen asleep, but his ever-active mind was still employ'd in great ideas of love to man. The bare rock was the couch of the mighty PRINCE OF PEACE. Placid love, a divine smile, benignity and grace inexpressible appear'd in his face, while a tear of soft compassion gently stole down his cheek; and though the lineaments of his expressive countenance wanted the glow of life and active spirit, they still spoke his tender friendship for mankind. GABRIEL beholding his sweet ærial slumbers, stood gazing on him in fix'd attention. Thus a travelling seeraph views the blooming earth in vernal beauty clad, when dew drops glittering hang on every flower, and Hesperus lights

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his evening lamp, to guide the pensive sage
to groves where sacred meditation and
peaceful rapture dwell.

After long and silent contemplation,
GABRIEL thus spoke; O thou whose
piercing view extends to the Heavens,
thou who hearest me amidst the slumbers
of thine earthly frame! with assiduous
care have I executed all thy commands.
While thus employ'd, the first of men
express'd with longing ardour, his desire
to see thy face. Now I obey thy great
FATHER's will, and hasten hence to glo-
rify thy redeeming love. Meanwhile be
silent ye creatures that walk the earth or
skim the air, while your CREATOR sleeps.
Ye ærial sounds, remain silent within your
tumultuous caverns, or only in soft and
tremulous murmurs rise. Ye hovering
clouds shed from your bosoms balmy rest.
Wave not ye cedars, and ye palms be still;
for your Creator sleeps.

Thus in softest accents the gentle se-
raph express'd his care. Then flew to the
assembly of the guardians of the earth,

34 THE MESSIAH. Book I.

who, in subordination to the great SUPREME, govern this terrestrial globe, guiding the events of providence. To these was he to express the desire of the blessed spirits, the approaching reconciliation, and the second sabbath.

O thou who, next to GABRIEL, presidedst in the great affair of redemption! guardian spirit of the earth, the mother of so many children of immortality, who through the revolving centuries, are sent to the regions on high, while the ruins of the habitation of the inextinguishable soul are interr'd under eminences, on which the foot of the passenger never rests. Thou of this once glorious earth the protector, O seraph ELOA! forgive thy future friend, for making known to mortals, as taught by Sion's muse, thy secret residence, since Eden's creation. If fill'd with solitary delight, he is rapt in meditation deep, and the bright round of silent extasy: if he has listen'd to the voice of angels, and his enraptur'd soul has heard discourses celestial, oh hear! when bold and sublime,

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BOOK I. THE MESSIAH. 35

like the youth of Heaven, he sings not the mouldering ruins of the world; but leads man, devoted to death, and rising to immortality, to the assembly of the saints, to the council of the guardian angels.

In the silent recess of the unregarded north pole, reign Solitude and eternal Night, whence incessantly flow darkness and clouds, like an overwhelming sea. Thus, at the call of MOSES, a black gloom, once, O Nile! conceal'd thy seven channels, and hid the everlasting pyramids, the tombs of kings. Never yet has a being whose eye is bounded by the visible horizon, seen these desert tracts, involv'd in nocturnal stillness, where the human voice was never heard, and where there will be no resurrection! but dedicated to musings deep, and refin'd speculations, the seraphim render them glorious; when passing over the mountains sweetly absorb'd, in a prophetic calm, they behold the future felicity of mankind. In the centre of these tracts opens the angelic gate, thro'

36 THE MESSIAH. Book I.

which the guardian spirits descend into their sanctuary.

As in hardy winter, after days dark and gloomy, the sun rises bright over the snowy mountains, when clouds and night fly before his all-enlivening rays, while the icy plains, and hoary frosts, with brilliant whiteness glitter in his beams: thus GABRIEL advanc'd, brightening the dusky eminences over which he flew. Soon had his foot reach'd the sacred gate, which open'd spontaneous before him, sounding like the rustling wings of cherubims, and on his entrance, instantly clos'd. The seraph now penetrated into the depths of the earth, where old Ocean slowly rolls his waves to desert and uninhabited coasts, while mighty Rivers, the sons of Ocean, deep resounding, lash the hollow shores, as if agitated by a tempest. GABRIEL still advancing, his sacred residence soon appear'd before him. The gate, compos'd of a cloud, gave way at his approach, and then glowing with celestial brightness, vanish'd. Darkness rolling under his rapid feet, fled

BOOK. I. THE MESSIAH. 37

as he advanc'd ; while far behind, waving flames mark'd his path. And now the beautiful seraph enter'd the angelic assembly.

Where, far from us, the earth turns on its centre, is a vast concave fill'd with celestial breezes ; in the midst of which is a sun crown'd with flowing radiance, mildly refulgent. From this source, life and warmth ascend into the veins of the earth. The superior orb of day, jointly with this his never failing assistant, forms the gay flow'ry Spring ; the fervid Summer, loaded with bending branches, and thee, O Autumn ! rich in golden fruit, and smiling on the mountains cloth'd with purple vineyards. But within its horizon never did this sun rise or set. Round it in fleecy clouds smiles an eternal morn. There he who fills the heavens and the earth with his presence, in these clouds makes known his thoughts to the admiring angels, displaying before them the wonders of providence. Thus GOD here reveals his grace, when after prolific showers, the rainbow appears in a distant falling cloud, and to

38 THE MESSIAH. Book I.

thee, O Earth ! declares the divine covenant.

On this sun GABRIEL alighted. Around him assembled the guardians of monarchies, the angels of war and death, who in the labyrinth of destiny, to the divine hand convey the directing thread, by which the ALMIGHTY secretly overrules the actions of kings, when they, inflated with pride, triumph in their own strength, and consider their subjects as made only to administer to their lust and ambition. There were likewise the guardians of the virtuous, who conduct the pensive sage, when fond of privacy, he avoids all human schemes of earthly grandeur, in silence opening to his mind the books of endless futurity. These also unseen, add wings to the inspiring thoughts of the enraptur'd Christian, and join their aid when a devout assembly pour forth their souls in hymns of praise to the great REDEEMER. When the soul of the just departed Christian, hovering over its late body, sees the pale and ghastly visage, and

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all the dismal marks of the triumph of death over vanquish'd nature, then this blessed band, with chearful countenance, receive him, saying, Beloved soul! the time will come when we shall gather together all these ruins of mortality; when the tabernacles of clay, thus disfigur'd by the ruthless hand of death, shall, at the morning of the resurrection, awake from a new creation. Come then, thou future citizen of Heaven, what a delightful prospect lies before thee! O divine soul! the chief of Victors, who has conquered death, and triumph'd over the grave, waits to receive thee!

Round the seraph also flock'd the souls of those tender infants who had just enter'd into life; but fled weeping with the piteous cries of childhood. Their timid eyes had view'd with astonishment the objects around them, when, not daring to stay on the great theatre, yet unopen'd to their view, their guardian angels conduct them thence, and animating them with rapturous songs, join'd to the harmony of

40 THE MESSIAH. Book I.

the reviving harp, they in soft and melodious strains tell them, how, and from whence, they receiv'd their origin; of the purity of the human soul, when proceeding out of the hands of the ALL-PERFECT SPIRIT; and with what juvenile lustre the new created suns with their attendant worlds, appear'd before the great CREATOR. The progenitors of the human race, say they, expect you; a glorious view of him, who has crown'd you with mercy, awaits you at the eternal throne. Thus do they instruct their worthy disciples in that sublime wisdom, the fleeting shadows of which erring mortals vainly pursue. The souls of the infants now quitting their lucid bowers, join'd their faithful guardians, who, encompassing the divine messenger, he made known to the assembled spirits, the orders of the MOST HIGH concerning the MESSIAH. Transported they listen'd, and when he ceas'd to speak, stood rapt in deep contemplation.

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BOOK. I. THE MESSIAH. 41

An amiable pair nam'd BENJAMIN and JEDIDA, two infant souls in tender friendship join'd, at length embracing, thus discours'd, Is it not JESUS, O JEDIDA! of whom the seraph spoke? Ah! well do I remember, when we were on earth, the ardour with which he folded us in his arms! How tenderly he press'd us to his throbbing heart! A tear of benignity and grace fell on his cheek—I kiss'd it away—I see it still—ever shall I see it. I too remember, answer'd JEDIDA, that holding me in his arms, he said to our mothers, who were standing by, Resemble these little children, or ye cannot enter into my kingdom. This—this, return'd BENJAMIN, is the REDEEMER! the SAVIOUR! our GRACIOUS FRIEND! the DISPENSER OF HAPPINESS to the human race!

Thus they affectionately convers'd, while GABRIEL, now bent on a new embassy, ascended. A stream of light rolling down, flow'd as he went, with magnificent splendor, from the feet of the immortal. Thus the inhabitants of the

42 THE MESSIAH. BOOK I.

moon behold the day of this terraqueous globe illuminate their nights, when dew-dropping clouds descend on the top of their mountains. GABRIEL thus ascended, amidst the acclamations of rejoicing angels, and of the souls who had left their bodies, into the more expanded atmosphere. Like the arrow flying from the silver bow, and wing'd for victory, he shot along by the stars, and hasted to the sun. Then alighting at URIEL's residence, found on one of the pinnacles of that noble structure, the souls of the fathers, whose fix'd looks follow'd the beams that dispense the new-born day to the land of Canaan. Among these was ADAM, the first of men, who appeared with distinguish'd dignity, standing sublimely pensive. GABRIEL join'd him, and they, with the guardians of the sun, stood waiting for the sight of the mount of Olives, conversing on the salvation of mankind.

THE END OF THE FIRST BOOK.

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THE ARGUMENT.

The souls of the patriarchs see the MESSIAH awake at break of day ; and the parents of the human race alternately salute him with a hymn. JESUS learns from RAPHAEL, JOHN's guardian angel, that this disciple is viewing a demoniac among the sepulchres on the mount of Olives. He goes thither, heals the demoniac, and puts SATAN to flight; who returning to Hell gives an account of what he knows of JESUS, and determines his death : but is opposed by ABBADONA. ADRAMELECH speaking in support of SATAN's determination, all Hell approves it ; on which SATAN and ADRAMELECH return to the earth, to put their design in execution. ABBADONA following them at a distance, sees at the gate of Hell, ABDIEL, a seraph, once his friend, whom he addresses : but ABDIEL taking no notice of him, he proceeds forwards ; bewails the forfeiture of his glory ; despairs of finding grace, and after vainly endeavouring to destroy himself, descends on the earth. SATAN and ADRAMELECH also advance to the earth, and alight on the mount of Olives.

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BOOK II.

THE morn now descending over the
woods of waving cedars, JESUS
arose. The spirits of the patriarchs saw
him from their solar mansion. Among
these were the parents of the human race
array'd in heavenly beauty, who thus al-
ternate sang.

ADAM began. Fairest of days, said he
of all in the stores of time, most sacred !
At thy return, the souls of men, the che-
rubim and seraphim shall hail thy rising
and setting light. Whether descending to
the earth, or whether the bright spirits
of Heaven diffuse thy radiance through
the firmament, or thou advancest by the
throne of GOD, thee in festive pomp will

46 THE MESSIAH. Book II.

we celebrate with hallelujahs jubilant.
Thee will we bless with joyful gratulations,
O day, in which our ravish'd eyes
first behold the great MESSIAH array'd in
humility. How beautiful is his form!
how lovely ! how divine !

EVE rejoin'd. Blessed and holy art thou
who broughtest him forth—more bless'd
than EVE, the mother of men. Though
innumerable my offspring, I am also the
mother of innumerable sinners : but thou
fair daughter of earth ! hast brought forth
only one, the great EMANUEL, the righteous,
the spotless, the divine MESSIAH !
With wandering eye I view my belov'd
earth : but thee, O Paradise ! I no longer
behold : thou wert swept away by the waters
of the overwhelming deluge. Thy
lofty umbrageous cedars which God himself
had planted ; thy tranquil bowers,
the mansion of the young virtues, no
storm, no thunder, no angel of death
hast spar'd. Thou Bethlehem, where
MARY brought him forth, where, with

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maternal extasy, she first press'd him to her bosom, be now my Eden. Thou Well of DAVID, be the clear spring, where I, just coming from the hands of my divine MAKER, first saw myself; and thou homely cottage, where he first wept, be thou to me the bower of primeval innocence. O that I, in Eden, had borne thee! Oh that I, just after my fatal transgression had brought thee forth! then would I have gone to my JUDGE, where the earth open'd before him, as if to form my grave; where the rustling of the tree of knowledge produc'd a dreadful sound; where his thunders announc'd the sentence of the curse; where trembling I stood, and fainted with terror. There would I have gone to him. Thee, weeping, would I have embrac'd, and pressing thee to my fluttering heart, would have cry'd, Forgive me, O my GOD! and no longer be incens'd against me. I have borne the SAVIOUR, the REDEEMER, the PRINCE OF PEACE!

48 THE MESSIAH. Book. II

The first of men then resum'd, Holy
art thou, adorable and eternal, O thou
FIRST CAUSE ! thou PRIME SOURCE
of being, of mercy, of felicity ! thou
FATHER of the divine, the holy JESUS,
whom thou, all-gracious, hast chosen to
redeem mankind, my issue ! Their alie-
nation from thee I have ever deplor'd :
Thou, O GOD ! hast beheld my tears—
By you, ye seraphim, have they been
seen and number'd.—Ye spirits of the
dead, the blest'd souls of my sleeping de-
scendants, have heard me sigh for the pro-
mis'd happiness of our offspring. But
thy divine grace, thy condescending mer-
cy and love to man, changes my paternal
concern into rapturous joy.

And now, all-gracious REDEEMER !
SON most dear ! return'd EVE : while
thou bearest our image, the image of mor-
tal man, thee let us implore, to complete
the offering made for us. For this thou
hast descended from the celestial abodes—
for this thou hast veil'd thy glories, and art
cloath'd in flesh. O thou CREATOR and

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BOOK II. THE MESSIAH. 49

JUDGE! renew the earth, thine, and our native land, then quick return to Heaven; while we, O thou divine, thou spotless REDEEMER! hail thy mercy and thy love!

Through the domes of the angelic palace resounded the voice of these fervent souls. The MESSIAH heard them in his deep recess, as in a sacred solitude, the holy prophet rapt in contemplation, hears, in soft whispers, the voice of the ETERNAL. JESUS now began to descend from the top of Olivet. In the midst of the mount, a cluster of palm trees growing on an eminence, rear'd their waving heads into the light flimsy clouds of hovering morning vapours. Under these palms the MESSIAH perceiv'd RAPHAEL, JOHN's guardian angel, absorb'd in meditations deep and awful, while gentle breezes flowing from him, brought to the MEDIATOR, sounds which none but he could hear.

50 THE MESSIAH. Book II.

With gracious voice, the MESSIAH spake. RAPHAEL draw near, said he, and invisibly walk by my side. How hast thou watch'd the pure soul of JOHN, my beloved disciple? Did his thoughts, O RAPHAEL! resemble thine? Where hast thou left him? I watch'd him O holy MEDIATOR! answered the seraph, with the utmost care. Holy dreams hover'd round his transported soul. Oh that thou hadst seen him, when sleeping, he beheld thee! A smile of complacency and love overspread his face. Thy seraph also beheld ADAM, when, sleeping in the blooming fields of Eden, the lovely form of EVE just risen into existence, was presented by his divine MAKER, to his mind; but the pleasure diffus'd over his countenance, was exceeded by the pleasing rapture visible in the face of thy holy disciple. He is now among the gloomy mansions of death lamenting over the demoniac, who, pale as the ghastly corpse, lies stretch'd in the dust of the dead. O thou most Gra-

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cious ! wilt thou not see him ? Wilt thou not behold the gentle youth, overcome by sympathizing distress, his heart swell'd by the painful feelings of humanity, and his whole frame trembling with horror ? I myself was so struck at the sight, that the tear of sorrow quiver'd in my eye, and I hastily withdrew : for always have I been deeply affected at the sufferings of those whom thou hast created immortal.

RAPHAEL ceas'd. Indignation sparkled in the eyes of the MEDIATOR, and raising them up to Heaven, he cry'd, O FATHER OMNIPOTENT ! hear me now I call upon thee. May the enemy of mankind feel the effects of thy justice ; that Heaven may rejoice at seeing Hell involv'd in confusion, shame, and terror.

JESUS now drew near to the sepulchres hewn out of the cliffs of the rock, where thick and gloomy woods guarded the entrance from the view of the hasty traveller. Here the morning dawn lowr'd in chilly coolness, and the sun faintly shot his beams

52 THE MESSIAH. Book II.

among the tombs. SAMMA, thus was the demoniac call'd, lay in a swoon by the sepulchre of his youngest and best beloved son, prostrate by the mouldering bones, and the once animated dust that sprung from his own flesh. Near him stood his other son weeping, with his swell'd eyes lift up to Heaven. The fond mother mov'd by the entreaties of this wretched parent, had once brought the deceas'd child they thus lamented, when agitated by the malice of SATAN, SAMMA rov'd, as now among the dead. Ah father! then cry'd his little BENONI, the darling of his heart, breaking from his mother's hold, while she, fill'd with terror, hasten'd after him,—Ah my poor father! will you not kiss me? then clinging about his knees, he press'd his hand to his breast. The father embrac'd him trembling. The little innocent return'd his endearments, and look'd up to him with an engaging smile, endeavouring to attract his notice by the little pleasing blan-

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BOOK. II. THE MESSIAH. 53

dishments of infant fondness. When the father suddenly starting, seiz'd the child, and, fill'd with all the fury of Hell, dash'd him against the rock: his brains, mix'd with blood, discolour'd the stone, and with a gentle sigh, his spotless soul left his shatter'd habitation. The madness of the wretched parent instantly subsided. He threw himself on the ground; then rising, snatch'd up the stiffning corpse, which he folded in his fainting arms: he press'd it to his bosom; and while the mother rent the air with her shrieks and lamentations, he mourn'd inconsolable, crying, My son BENONI! O BENONI, BENONI, my dear son! while repentant tears gush'd from his streaming eyes.

He now lay stretch'd on the earth, and having recover'd from his swoon, his whole soul was suffus'd in grief; when JOEL, his other son, turning his face, wet with tears, from his father, beheld the MESSIAH advancing towards the se-

54 THE MESSIAH. BOOK. II.

pulchres, and fill'd with surprize and joy, cry'd, O father, here is JESUS, the great prophet, coming towards the tombs! SATAN heard him, and struck with terror, cast a lowring glance through the entrance of the sepulchres. Thus from his dark dwelling looks the profane atheist, when the loud tempest rides along the flaming clouds, and the tremendous chariots of vengeance awfully roll on high. SATAN had hitherto tormented SAMMA only at a distance, sending forth plagues from the remotest parts of the dusky tombs; but now rising and arming himself with the terrors of Hell, he launch'd them at the poor afflicted wretch, who instantly sprung on his feet, but void of strength he again sunk on the earth. His troubled soul was scarce able to struggle against the assaults of death. But suddenly rais'd to madness, he was driven by the archfiend up the rocks. Here, O benevolent SAVIOUR! SATAN would before thy face have dash'd him in pieces by casting him down: but

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thou wast already there. Thy speedy preventing grace supported the helpless, and bore him up on thine immortal wings. The destroyer of mankind, seeing the SAVIOUR approach, trembled with indignation and terror. JESUS now casting down on the demoniac a look of benignity and grace, a divine power issues from his eyes, and SAMMA, freed from pain, with fear acknowledges his deliverer: life dawns in that face, which just before had the awful stamp of death. With a loud cry, and streaming eyes, he looks towards Heaven. Fain would he speak; but only tremulous accents proceed from his faltering lips: he stretches out his suppliant arms to his gracious deliverer, and views him enraptur'd. Thus the melancholy sage, when bewilder'd in thought, shuddering, doubts the eternity of his future duration; till a kindred mind, certain of its immortality, and relying on the promises of the ALMIGHTY, approaches with chearful looks. The gloom then disperses, and the illumin'd soul, shaking

56 THE MESSIAH. Book II.

off the painful depression, exults and triumphs, and seems to become a second time immortal.

The MESSIAH now address'd SATAN with a voice of awful superiority; Spirit of Destruction, who art thou, that in my presence hast the presumption to torture man, the race elected for redemption? A voice deep roaring answer'd in wrathful accents, I am SATAN, the sovereign of the world, and reign supreme over the independent spirits, for whom I find other employment, than that given to the celestial songsters. Thy fame O mortal prophet! (for MARY could never bring forth an immortal) has reach'd the depths of Hell; and I myself, an honour thou mayst well boast, came to see the SAVIOUR, whose coming was proclaim'd by the slaves of Heaven. But thou becamest a man, an enthusiastic visionary, like, those, Death, my son, who is far mightier than thou, has already laid in the grave. I deem'd it beneath me to mind what those new immortals were doing; yet not to be

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quite inactive, I tormented mankind. This thou thyself hast seen; that face has been mark'd by the finger of death. I now hasten to Hell. My irresistible foot shall lay waste the earth and the wide ocean, to open me a commodious passage. Hell, with joyful acclamations, shall celebrate my return. If thou darest to oppose me, do it now. I shall come back with the power of a king, to protect the world I have conquer'd. But first die, thou wretch, added he, impetuously rushing on SAMMA.

The MESSIAH, calm and silent, like the OMNIPOTENT FATHER, when with a nod he saves or destroys a world, check'd his fury, and render'd feeble all his boasted power. He fled precipitate, forgetting in his flight to make the earth and the ocean feel the force of his irresistible foot. SAMMA now descended from the rock, with no less joy than NEBUCHADNEZZAR flew from the majestic stream of the Euphrates, when, by the decree of the ALMIGHTY, his reason was

58 THE MESSIAH. BOOK II.

restor'd, and rising erect, he was able to view the Heavens. The terrors of the LORD, and the roaring waves of the impetuous stream, no longer pass'd over him amidst the rolling thunder, and the forked lightning, like that seen on mount SINAI. The prince then went to Babylon's penile gardens, not to exalt himself as a GOD; but lying prostrate in the dust, with his arms stretch'd out towards Heaven, he pour'd forth the warm effusions of his gratitude to the ETERNAL. Thus SAMMA, hastening to the MESSIAH, fell at his feet, and cry'd, O man of GOD! O heavenly Prophet! suffer me to follow thee; and let the life thou hast restor'd be devoted to thee! He then rising on his knees, threw his trembling arms about the REDEEMER. JESUS, casting on him a look of benevolence, mildly answer'd, Follow me not; but henceforth frequent the hill of Calvary, where thou shalt see the hope of ABRAHAM, and of the prophets.

The MESSIAH had scarcely spoke, when the innocent JOEL, with a timid

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air, address'd himself to JOHN, Dear Rabbi, said he, lead me to the great PROPHET of GOD; for I would speak to him. The beloved disciple then taking him by the hand, presented him to the SAVIOUR, to whom, with innocent simplicity, he thus spoke: O great PROPHET, why may not my father and I follow thee! Let me ask thee too, Why dost thou stay in this dismal place, where the sight of the bones of the dead chills my very blood? Come then, O come thou Man of GOD, to our house, to which my father is returning. My poor mother, I am sure will be glad to wait on thee. Indeed she will. She will treat thee with milk and honey. She will give thee the best fruit that grows on our trees, She will cover thee with the wool of the youngest of our lambs. When Summer returns, I will shew thee those trees in our garden which my father has given to me, and thou shalt sit under their shade.—But O BENONI! my dear brother BENONI is dead! I must leave him in that tomb. No

60 THE MESSIAH. Book II.

more, BENONI, wilt thou go with me to water the flowers : nor in the cool evening wilt thou fondly wake me ! see there, O divine PROPHET ! he lies within that tomb. JESUS with a tender smile embrac'd him ; then wiping away his tears, sent him home, and turning to JOHN, said, Amiable child ! a mind so tender and ingenuous have I seldom found in those of riper years. Thus he spoke, and stay'd with JOHN among the sepulchres.

In the mean time SATAN, wrap'd in clouds and vapours, pass'd through the valley of Jehosaphat, and unseen, cross'd the Dead Sea. Then reaching cloud-capp'd Carmel, he, from thence shot up into the heavens, where, with look malign, he wander'd through the universe, amidst suns and worlds innumerable ; enrag'd that, after a long succession of ages, they still shone with all the beauty and grandeur the Thunderer had imparted to them at their creation. Then, desirous of imitating the works of the great OMNIPOTENT, and unwilling that the morn-

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BOOK II. THE MESSIAH. 61

ing stars should know him by his gloomy aspect, which their mingled radiance render'd more conspicuous, he chang'd his form, and array'd himself in ethereal light. But soon the effulgent vesture became insupportable; when being also disgusted at what he beheld, which ill suited a mind so foul; he hasted back to Hell. Now, with rapid descent, he reach'd the confines of the mundane system, where immense spaces open'd before him; and these he term'd the frontiers of more extended realms; where he propos'd to fix a new empire. Here, as far as the sickening rays of the last stars of the creation cast a pallid light through the void, he beheld transient gleams; yet saw not Hell. Far from himself and the blessed spirits, GOD had inclos'd the abode of terror in perpetual darkness. For destruction horrible it was created; and, to answer the end of punishment, it was dreadfully pompous, and awfully perfect. In three nights Hell was form'd. Then GOD forever turn'd from it his face: that face wherewith

he smiles with benignity and grace, on his creatures, transfusing through their souls the sweetest joy. Those dismal regions are guarded by two angels, of approv'd valour. The ALMIGHTY himself girded them with arms invincible, that they might there restrain the powers of darkness, lest SATAN, prompted by malice, should assail the fair creation of GOD. To the entrance of Hell, where, with solemn state, the angels sit, descends a lucent path of streaming light, resembling a river of liquid crystal; that thus remote, they might not lose the holy joy, and pleasing rapture, the mingled beauties of the wide creation yield.

Skirting this luminous way, SATAN, wrapp'd in a cloud, reach'd the gate of Hell unseen, and rushing fiercely through, in haste mounted his burning throne. Among the eyes dim'd by darkness and despair, none saw him but ZOPHIEL, one of the infernal heralds; who, observing a cloud invest the lofty steps, cry'd to a spirit standing near, SATAN, the sovereign

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of these dark abodes, is at length return'd. That cloud of vapours indicates, that he, so long expected by all the gods, is there. While he yet spake, the intervening cloud dispers'd, and SATAN, with terror and rage on his brow, appear'd seated. The servile herald instantly flies to a volcano, which in streams of flaming sulphur used to proclaim SATAN's arrival through all the burning land; there mounting on the wings of a tempest, he ascended from the bottom of the mountain up to its summit; where, wrapp'd in clouds of smoak is a yawning aperture. There kindling the fiery storm, eruptions terrible proclaim the archfiend's arrival, and gleaming light illuminating the dark abodes, to the far distant shew Hell's monarch, seated high in pageant state. All the inhabitants of the abyfs then appear, and their chiefs haste to seat themselves beneath him on the steps of his throne.

Thou muse of Sion, who undismay'd, look'ft, fill'd with sacred fervor and solemn awe, down into the abyfs of Hell, while,

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when the Most HIGH punishes the sinner,
thou readeſt in the divine countenance,
ſelf-approbation and calm tranquillity;
O now inſpire thy ſuppliant, and let the
mighty voices of the infernals roar in my
numbers, as the bellowing ſtorm—as the
tempeſt of GOD!

First appear'd **ADRAMELECH**, a ſpirit
in guile and malice exceeding **SATAN**,
againſt whom his boſom ſtill boil'd with
indignant rage, for being the firſt who at-
tempted the apoſtacy, which he himſelf
had long before projected. The actions
he perform'd, were not to advance **SATAN**'s
kingdom, but his own. From
years immemorial he had been conſidering
how to raiſe himſelf to the dominion of
Hell; how to engage the Prince of the
fiery deep in a freſh war againſt the **E-**
TERNAL: how to cauſe him to be forever
banish'd to the infinite ſpace: or, if all
fail'd, how he might ſubdue him by force
of arms. Theſe thoughts had employ'd his
mind ever ſince the apoſtate angels, flying
before the conquering arm of the Mes-

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SIAH, had been driven down into the tremendous gulph. The superior spirits then assembling, ADRAMELECH last appear'd; but instead of martial armour bore a tablet of polish'd gold, and slowly advancing, call'd aloud, Why, O ye kings! do ye thus ignominiously fly? Know, ye celestial warriors, ye noble asserters of liberty, that ye shall enter new and magnificent mansions of immortality. When GOD had invented thunder, and with it arm'd the MESSIAH, who with a tremendous storm drove you to this place of woe, I escap'd, and passing by unseen, to the far distant sanctuary of GOD, enter'd the awful place, and there found the table of destiny, in which our future fortunes are enroll'd. Draw near ye immortals, and read the archives of Heaven. Here see the sovereign decree of Fate. He then read the following words:

Of the gods over whom JEHOVAH reigns, one becoming sensible of his divinity, and quitting the Heaven of Heavens, shall dwell with his divine associates in so-

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litary and gloomy mansions : these will he at first inhabit with pain and reluctance, as he who shall drive them thither, inhabited Chaos, till, for him, I form'd the universe. Such is my will. Dread not, ye celestial spirits, to enter the abodes of terror and dismay. For out of these new worlds shall arise, more glorious than those ye have left. These SATAN shall create : but from me shall he receive the divine plan. Thus says the god of gods, I who alone circumscribe all space, and with my most glorious world encompass that, with all the orbs and their gods. Here ADramelech ceas'd ; but in vain did the spirits of darkness strive to give credit to his words.

The MOST HIGH, who heard his blasphemies, said, I am JEHOVAH, and besides me there is no other God. The Heavens shall declare my glory, and the trembling sinner bear witness to my power. Then proceeded from the mouth of God the momentous decree. Deep in the lowest Hell rises a luminous mass, in the midst of

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the flaming sea, which runs into the lake of death. This mass enormous, the circling thunders, in whirling eddies, tore from its base, when rising high it struck the proud **ADRAMELECH**, fraught with lyes, and cast him with his impious tablet into the deadly lake. There seven nights he lay rolling in the abyfs. Long after, he caus'd himself to be worship'd on earth as the supreme **GOD**, and had a temple erected to his honour, in which he himself presided, placing over the high altar the tablet of destiny, which none believ'd. Thither his partizans resorted, and like slavish hypocrites, worship'd the visionary deity, when present, with reverence, and while absent, with mockery. From this temple now came **ADRAMELECH**, and concealing his secret rancour, seated himself on the throne, close to **SATAN**.

Next came **MOLOCH**, a warlike spirit. Left the Thundering Warrior, for so he calls the great **JEHOVAH**, should descend to seize the plains of Hell, he vainly fortify'd them with a wall of mountains, rais'd

with towering battlements. Oft when the gloomy dawn rises in sulphurous vapours from the banks of the flaming ocean, the inhabitants of Hell see him tottering under the stormy peak of some lofty eminence, while he slowly advances down the declivity of the mountains, when, having cast his load on his new rais'd mound, which rises towards the high vaulted roof of Hell, he stands in the clouds, listening to the echo made by the fall of the ponderous rock, and fancies it to be the noise of the ratling thunder. The souls of the once proud conquerors of the earth then viewing him with astonishment from beneath, he rushes among them from the stupendous heights, while they wing'd by fear, fly from the martial fiend. He now went in his sable armour, which resounded as he walk'd, resembling thunder involv'd in black clouds. Before him the mountain shook, and behind, the rocks trembling, sunk. Thus he advanc'd to the throne of SATAN.

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After him appear'd BELIAL, who in mournful silence came from the dreary forests and desert wastes, where the black streams of death, issuing from a source involv'd in clouds, flow dark and languid to the foot of SATAN's throne. Vain, eternally vain are his endeavours to render the accursed land on its banks, like the bright creation of GOD. Thou, O ETERNAL! laughest at his attempts, when, howling like the tempest, he would imitate the cooling breeze of the Zephyrs, and when with impotent arm he attempts to drive the sullen stream before him. At these labours he incessantly toils, while the Terrors of GOD roar in his destructive wings, and Desolation, array'd in deformity, is spread over the trembling abyfs. With rage BELIAL remembers the eternal Spring, which like a young seraph, smiles on the ever-blooming flowers of Heaven. Fain would he imitate the beauties of that season in Hell's nocturnal vales. Then frowns, and vents indignant sighs, at seeing the doleful land lying before him in dreary

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darkness, for ever incapable of improvement; and notwithstanding all his pains, infinite tracts fill'd with a dreadful scene of woe. BELIAL, with a brow lowring with dire dejection, repair'd to SATAN. His mind still boil'd with revenge against him who drove him from the celestial fields, into that land of terror and desolation, which every succeeding century seem'd to render more intollerable.

Thou MAGOG, who dwellest in the lake—thou also amidst thy waters saw'st the return of SATAN. Thou cam'st forth rising in the midst of a roaring whirlpool, and when thy feet divided the black stream, the sea, driven before thee, rose like extensive mountains. MAGOG curs'd the LORD. The voice of his wild blasphemies continually flow'd in loud bellowings from his distorted mouth. Since his being cast from Heaven, he has been ever uttering execrations against the ETERNAL; and fill'd with hatred and revenge has been weakly bent on destroying Hell, though it should cost him the labour of

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millions of ages. Being now alighted on the burning land, he spread devastation around, throwing the whole shore with its mountains into the deep.

Thus did the Princes of the infernal regions assemble about their king. Like the islands of the sea when torn from their foundations, they rush'd on with boisterous uproar and irresistible tumult. After them crowds of inferior spirits flock'd, as the waves of the ocean roll to the lofty shores. Myriads of spirits appear'd, who, sentenc'd to contempt and endless infamy, chaunted their own exploits to their harps, which had been crack'd by the thunder of Heaven, and founded the discordant notes of death. Thus in the midnight hour, the lofty cedars, split by a tempest, groan, when Boreas in his brazen chariot sweeps over them, while Lebanon is agitated and Hermon trembles. SATAN sees, and hears them coming. He starts up in a wild transport, and casting his eyes over them, beholds the Atheists, a mean 'grovelling

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band, among whom was GOG, their horrid leader, in phrenzy, and in power pre-eminent. They endeavour to imagine, that what they saw in Heaven was all a dream, the idle produce of phantastic visions: and, lost in a labyrinth of opinion, persuade themselves, that the great JEHOVAH, first their father, and then their judge, has no existence. SATAN be-hell them with a contemptuous smile. For some time he stood wrapp'd in thought, then slowly mov'd his eyes around, and again sat down. As menacing storms hover slow and dilatory over dreary and inhospitable mountains, so SATAN sat frowning and pensive. At length furious, he open'd his lips, from which a tempest burst forth, and a thousand claps of impotent thunder issu'd from his impious mouth.

Ye formidable bands, if ye are indeed those who bravely maintain'd with me the war in the plains of Heaven, during three dreadful days, hear with triumph what I shall relate, concerning my stay on earth.

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Hear ye also, my friends, the noble resolution I, your supreme god and king, have taken to put JEHOVAH to shame. Sooner shall Hell pass away, sooner shall he annihilate his creation, which he once form'd from the dark chaos, and again dwell in solitude, than he shall wrest from us our dominion over the race of man. Ye gods, ever unconquer'd, ever free shall ye remain, though he should send even hither his RECONCILER, with thousands of his heavenly messengers : nor shall he rob us of our dominion, though he himself should descend to the earth to save mankind. But against whom do I vent my indignation ? Who is this SAVIOUR, this MESSIAH, who comes cloath'd in a mortal body ? Would he, who, arm'd with the thunder of heaven, drove us from the celestial plains, enter the womb of a mortal ? or is he, who must soon moulder in the dust, to make war on us, and destroy our empire ? Yet there are some here that have timorously fled before him :—who, at his approach, escap'd from

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the emaciated bodies, of the mortals they tormented. Ye dastards, tremble before this assembly ! hide your faces, and blush in obscurity. Hear it, ye gods ! they fled ! Why, ye pusillanimous, did ye fly ? Why did ye stile this JESUS, who is beneath both you and me, the SON of the eternal GOD ? But that ye may know who he is, hear from me the history of this arrogant Impostor. Hear this, ye assembly of gods, with triumph.

From the remotest time a prophecy has prevail'd among the Jews, a nation, of all others the most addicted to visions, that a SAVIOUR is to arise, descended from DAVID one of their kings, who will forever deliver them from their enemies, and raise their monarchy to unparallel'd glory. Ye are not ignorant that some of your companions once came with the tidings that they had seen on mount Tabor, a host of rejoicing angels, who, with seeming rapture, and awful reverence, incessantly called on the name of JESUS. That the cedars of the mountain trembled, and

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the found of their hymns, utter'd in jubilant strains, echo'd through the neighbouring rocks, while all Tabor resounded with JESUS the SAVIOUR. Then GABRIEL, proud and insolent, went in triumph to an Israelitish woman, and giving her the salutation, only due to the immortals, in a voice and gesture of reverence, said, From thee shall a king be born, who will protect the portion of DAVID, and exalt the inheritance of ISRAEL. His name shall be JESUS. He shall be call'd the SON of GOD, and of his kingdom there shall be no end. Why, O ye Gods of Hell! when ye heard of this, were ye struck with terror? Much more have I heard, yet continue undismay'd. But does it become us to be apprehensive of danger, because a mortal Dreamer on our earth assumes the titles of the SON of GOD, the REDEEMER, and the SAVIOUR?

During this speech, the arch-apostate saw arise the scars made by the Thunderer; but, though these fill'd him

with terror, he strove to rekindle his boastful rage, and thus continu'd :

I watch'd on earth for the extraordinary birth of this divine infant. He will soon, said I, proceed from the womb of MARY. Then, swift as the rapid flash from the lowring clouds, or the thoughts of the gods, when wing'd with wrath, will he grow up towards Heaven. In his exaltation he, with one foot covers the sea, and with the other the earth. In his dreadful right hand he poises the sun and moon, and in his left the stars of the morning. He comes accompany'd by Destruction, in the midst of storms, which he has assembled from the whole universe, and rushes irresistibly to victory. Fly, SATAN ! Ah fly ! lest, with his omnipotent thunder, he strikes impetuous, and having hurl'd thee through a thousand worlds, leaves thee senseless, and even void of life, in the immense abyss. Behold, these, ye gods, were my thoughts : but how far were they from the truth ? He came into the earth a mere human being ;

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a whimpering child ; and, like the other sons of the earth, was no sooner born, than he mourn'd his mortality with infant tears. A choir of heavenly spirits, indeed, sung at his birth : for sometimes they descend to take a view of that earth where we rule with absolute sway, and viewing the graves and sepulchres of the dead, where once was Paradise, they, weeping, turn away their eyes ; but soon, to assuage their grief, sing hymns of joy, and return to Heaven. This was now the case. They hasted back, and left the helpless infant ; who then fled from me, while I suffer'd him to fly ; for so cowardly an enemy was beneath my pursuit. Meanwhile my trusty vicegerent, HEROD, caus'd the infants of Bethlehem to be massacred ; when the streaming blood ; the dying shrieks of the helpless innocents ; the agonies of the disconsolate mothers, and the odorous steam of the fresh mangled bodies, mingling with the ascending souls, render'd them a delightful sacrifice. It was I, HEROD, who prompt-

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ed thee to perform this exploit. Let not any inferior spirit claim this honour: an honour which I maintain is due to me alone. Let therefore that vain boaster, who here, in Hell, would deprive me of this glory, be silent. On the death of HEROD the child was brought back from Egypt. His early years he pass'd in the lap of his fond mother, and amidst her embraces remain'd unknown. Afterwards no blaze of juvenile fire, no impulse of noble valour prompted him to exert his courage, and render himself famous. He retired to the lonely deserts, and the dreary wilds, where he possibly might lay the plan of what, in future times, may threaten our overthrow, and again call us to exert our courage, our utmost vigilance. I, indeed, imagine, that he was rather employ'd in concerting some great project, than merely in viewing the fields, the flowers, and the children, with which he was surrounded, or in servilely adoring the Being who made the worms of the dust as well as him. At length he seem'd

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to assume a more distinguish'd character. One day, when bathing in the river Jordan, on him descended the glory of God in effulgent splendor. This I myself beheld with these immortal eyes. Bright it flow'd, as when it issues from the throne of Heaven through long ranks of adoring Seraphs. But why it thus descended, whether in honour of the earth-born child, or to observe the watch we kept, is difficult to tell. However, I instantly heard the rolling thunder bellow from the clouds, mix'd with these words; This is my beloved SON, in whom I am well pleas'd. Thus, to perplex my thoughts, ELOA, or some other of the heavenly host, utter'd these words: It was surely not the voice of God, at least far different did it seem from that, in which he impos'd on us the irksome task of paying homage to his favourite, the MESSIAH. Near JESUS was a fullen prophet, who, like a savage, rov'd among the rocks of the wilderness; and calling out to this pretended Saviour, said, Behold the LAMB

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OF GOD, which taketh away the sins of the world. Hail thou who wast before all worlds! from thee we receive grace for grace. GOD gave the law by MOSES; but from the anointed of the LORD come grace and truth. How lofty! how prophetic! Thus when dreamers praise each other, they wrap themselves in a sacred obscurity; and then we, O ye immortal gods! are thought much too mean to be able to draw aside the fraudulent veil. 'Tis true, the earth-born, of whom the prophet speaks in such lofty strains, hath already wak'd the dead; his mighty power remember it, ye princes of Hell, has call'd to life those, who, fainting under their pains, have been laid in their tombs —soon he is to raise the whole human race from Sin and Death: from Sin, who charms every heart, and reigns with such despotic sway: from Death, the offspring of the fair flattering charmer, will he also deliver them: though at my nod he has so often laid in the dust the whole creation of GOD. Ye souls who, since the formation

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of the earth, I have gather'd round me, as numerous as the waves of the ocean, or as the glittering stars: ye who lament in eternal night,—who, in that night, are tortur'd by penal fire;—in that fire by despair;—and in that despair by me: will then be as free from death, as the band of the adoring worshippers. We it seems, are at length to degenerate, and crouching low, to lie prostrate before him. Thus what God's mighty Thunderer was unable to accomplish, this dreamer is to produce. Presumptuous boaster! first deliver thyself, and then awake the dead. Thee will I lay pale and disfigur'd in the dust. Then to the eyes which see not, and which are clouded in perpetual darkness, will I say, Ah see, the dead awake! Then to the ears which hear not, and from which an eternal insensibility shall exclude all sounds, will I say, Hark! the fields resound with the call, Awake ye dead! And to the soul that has just taken its flight, and perhaps directs its course to Hell, will I call with the voice of a tempest, Make haste, thou

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who hast conquer'd death—haste to begin thy triumph! For thee a pompous entry is prepar'd—the gates of Hell open to invite thee in. The deep abyfs resounds with shouts of joy—Thee, the gods, and the souls of thy fellow mortals, greet in triumphant songs. Thus in sportive strains he rav'd: then added, boasting: My great resolutions shall be executed, unless GOD draws up to Heaven the lessening earth, and with it the whole human race.—This SAVIOUR shall die!—he shall die! Thus shall I be both the father and protector of Death, and live unconquer'd through the ages of eternity—He shall die!—Soon will I, before the face of the ETERNAL, scatter his mouldering clay in the way to Hell! This, ye gods! is my resolution.

Thus, in a voice hoarse and discordant, spoke the arch-apostate. The great MESSIAH was still among the lonely sepulchres, when the breath with which the blasphemer ended his impious speech, brought to the holy JESUS a fluttering leaf,

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on which hung a dying worm. The meek and humble SAVIOUR gave it life; but at the same instance, horrors unutterable enter'd the bosom of the proud boaster. Behind the step of the high rais'd throne from which he vented his blasphemies Hell sunk, and before it SATAN, from the terrors that seiz'd his mind, appear'd wrapp'd in the darkest gloom of night, while all the inhabitants of the dreadful abyss beheld him with motionless amazement.

At the lower part of the throne sat ABBADONA in deep dejection, ruminating with keenest anguish on the past and the future. Before his face, which was deform'd by melancholy, internal anguish, and sad dismay, he beheld tortures accumulated on tortures, extending into eternity. He then look'd back to those happy times when he himself was a bright seraph, and the friend of the exalted ABDIEL; who on the day of the revolt, bravely vindicated the cause of GOD, and having zealously contended for the truth before the apostate

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legions, return'd to his Creator alone and invincible. ABBADONA was near escaping with that heroic seraph; but being surrounded by the rapid chariots of SATAN, and the bright bands of those who fell from their allegiance, he drew back, and though ABDIEL, with looks of menacing love, chid his delay, and strove to hasten his escape from those reprobate bands, inebriated and dazzled with the delusive prospect of his future godhead, he no longer attended to the once powerful eye of his friend, but suffer'd himself to be carried in triumph to SATAN. Now lamenting in pensive silence, he revolves the history of his once spotless innocence, and the fair morning of his days, when he came pure and happy out of the hand of his CREATOR. At once the ALMIGHTY SOURCE of GOODNESS form'd him and ABDIEL, when fill'd with inborn rapture they thus address'd each other: Ah beauteous form, what are we? Where, my beloved, didst thou first see me? How long hast thou—how long have I existed? Come, oh come, my divine

friend, embrace me—Admit me into thy bosom—Let me learn thy thoughts. In the mean time came the glory of God, shining from afar with ineffable splendor, fraught with benediction. They look'd around and beheld an innumerable host of new immortals. A silver cloud then gently rais'd them to the ETERNAL. They saw their Creator : they call'd him Father, and, enraptur'd, ador'd him as the Source of their happiness.

ABBADONA, tortur'd by these thoughts, shed a torrent of tears, and now resolv'd to oppose the blasphemous speech of SATAN, which had fill'd him with horror. He thrice attempted to speak, but his sighs stopt his utterance. Thus, when in a bloody battle two brothers are mortally wounded by each other's hand, at last, each to the other being mutually known, they are unable to express the strong sensations of their hearts, and sighs only proceed from their dying lips. At length ABBADONA thus broke silence :

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Though I incur the everlasting displeasure of this assembly, I will not refrain from speaking.—Yes, SATAN, I will speak, that the heavy Judgments of the ETERNAL may more lightly fall on me than on thee. O thou seducer, how I now hate thee ! This essence, this immortal essence, which thou hast snatch'd from its CREATOR, he will perpetually require of thee—He will require of thee this whole assembly of immortal spirits, by thee involv'd in ruin. Thou execrable deceiver, with thee I renounce all connection. How vainly dost thou boast of the mortality of man, which GOD himself has appointed, and which thou canst not prevent ! I disdain thine important project of putting to death the divine MESSIAH. Against whom, O spirit accurs'd ! dost thou rave ! It is against him whom thou art forc'd to confess is more mighty than thyself ? Has not his irresistible thunder sufficiently disfigur'd thine audacious front ? Or cannot the almighty FATHER defend him against those, by whose delusions man became

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subject to death? Alas! in that crime I was an accomplice! But mad with rage shall we put to death the great MESSIAH, and thus perpetually shut against us—us once so many pure and happy spirits, the entrance to future deliverance; or at least prevent some little alleviation of our torment. O SATAN! as we all felt encreasing pain, when thou gavest the name of thy kingdom to these mansions of night and horrid damnation, so instead of triumph shalt thou return with shame, from thine audacious attempt against God and his MESSIAH.

SATAN heard him with impatient rage, and instantly from the top of his throne, attempted to hurl at his devoted head one of the enormous rocks; but his destructive right hand dropp'd, shrivell'd and void of strength. Then stamping with impotent fury, three times his disappointed malice shook his whole frame, three times he cast a look of malignant fury at ABBADONA, while his struggling passions stopp'd his voice. ABBADONA, with an afflicted

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countenance, still stood before him firm and intrepid. Now spoke ADRAAMELECH, the foe of GOD, of man, and even of SATAN.

Thou base and abject slave, cry'd he, I will speak to thee in storms, and will answer thee in a tempest. Darest thou presume to revile the gods? Dare one of the most grovelling spirits of Hell to rise up against SATAN and me? If thou art tortur'd, thou slave, it is by thine own thoughts. Fly, thou pusillanimous spirit from our dominions, the abode of kings—Fly into the wide abyss of space, and there importune thy GOD to erect for thee a kingdom of new tortures, in which thou mayst live forever. But thou hadst rather perish—perish then, humbly adoring the object of thy terror. Come, thou who in the midst of Heaven knewest thy divine essence, and boldly attemptedst to dethrone the ALMIGHTY, the future Creator of innumerable worlds—Come, we will soon shew these contemptible spirits the terrors of our arm, by enterprizes that, like a

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BOOK II. THE MESSIAH. 89

storm, shall at once depress and blind them. Come, ye mazes of impenetrable guile, big with ruin, destruction and death. It is determined that this SAVIOUR shall die: he shall not even save himself. There is no way for his escape; nor shall any guide deliver him from the labyrinth into which he shall enter. But should he even elude our stratagems: shouldst thou, who dwellest on high, enable him to escape, by enduing him with the sagacity of a god, yet fiery tempests, the agents of our wrath, shall soon take him from our sight—tempests like that with which we formerly attack'd the happy JOB, the favourite of Heaven. Fly—fly from us thou earth, we come against thee arm'd with all the powers of Death and Hell. Woe to him who, in our world, shall dare to oppose us.

Thus spake ADRAMELECH; and now the whole assembly with unanimous tumult sided with SATAN. The stamping of their mighty feet surpass'd the noise of falling rocks, and shook the deep pro-

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found. Inflated with their future triumphs, the hoarse roar of applauding voices, reach'd the utmost confines of the dreary regions, all approving the infernal resolution of slaying the blessed JESUS: though an act like this, Time, since he first began his course, had never seen. Its curs'd inventors, SATAN and ADRA-
MELECH, with resolutions fell and malignant, descended from their throne; the steps like brazen mountains, resounded under their feet, and the bellowing cry of war and victory accompany'd them to the gate of Hell.

ABBADONA, who alone had remain'd unmov'd, follow'd at a distance, either still to persuade them from engaging in the dire attempt, or to behold the consequences of the dreadful deed. Now, with steps dilatory and slow, he drew near to the angels who guarded the gate. But how was he confounded, when he saw there the invincible ABDIEL! sighing, he held down his head and thought of retiring; then resolv'd to advance;

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Book II. THE MESSIAH. 91

then trembling and fill'd with perturbation, determin'd to fly into the immense abyss of space: but instantly collecting himself he mov'd towards the seraph. His beating heart spoke the terror of his mind: distressful tears, such as fallen angels weep, fell from his eyes: deep sighs burst from his agonizing breast, and a continual tremor, never felt by mortals, shook his whole frame. ABDIEL, with an open tranquil eye, stood in fix'd attention, gazing up the bright stream of light, and with sweet serenity was viewing the distant worlds, form'd by the great CREATOR, to whom he had ever remain'd faithful. He saw not ABBADONA. As the sun on its natal day pour'd his resplendent beams on the new-created earth, so shone the bright Seraph; but the afflicted ABBADONA felt no genial influences from his refulgent rays. Sighing, he cry'd to himself in plaintive voice, ABDIEL, my brother! wilt thou forever shun me? Wilt thou forever leave me?—forever leave me in solitude,

far from thee!—Oh grant me thy pity,
 thou child of light!—Wilt thou not,
ABDIEL, mourn for me?—Ah, he no
 longer loves me!—he will forever cease to
 love me! Wither, ye ever verdant
 bowers, under which, in high rais'd
 rapture and sweet delight we talk'd of
GOD, and the tender charms of friendship;
 Cease to flow, ye celestial streams, where
 we mingled the sweet embrace, and with
 unpolluted lips sung the praises of the E-
 TERNAL—**ABDIEL**, my brother, is forever
 dead to me! Thou Hell, my dark abode,
 eternal Night, thou mother of torments,
 join my lamentation! When the terrors
 of **GOD** nightly oppress me, may sighs and
 bewailing groans descend from thy dreary
 mountains!—**ABDIEL**, my brother, is for-
 ever dead to me!

Thus unregarded, he, to himself, ut-
 ter'd his complaints. He now stood front-
 ing the crystalline stream of flowing light
 that leads to the mundane system. At
 first he was afraid of the brightness, and of
 the wing'd lightning, that seem'd advanc-

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ing towards him. Immers'd in misery,
and confin'd to solitude, ages had pass'd
since he had seen the worlds. Now stand-
ing pensive, he cry'd, Bless'd entrance !
oh that I might pass thro' thee to those
innumerable places, where the CREATOR
displays his power and grace, and never
more tread the dark kingdom of Damna-
tion ! Ye suns innumerable, how much
more resplendent was I than you, ye ina-
nimate children of the CREATOR, when
first, at his almighty voice, your glorious
orbs began to roll ! Now, this gloomy
mansion is my place of residence. I am an
outcast, an object of abhorrence to the
meanest spirits who maintain'd their alle-
giance to the OMNIPOTENT ! O thou
Heaven, seat of purest bliss, the sight of
thee fills me with remorse ! In thy blissful
regions I became a sinner—there I rose up
against the ALMIGHTY. Thou immor-
tal Repose, once my sweet associate in the
bless'd vale of peace, whither art thou fled ?
Alas ? thee I have forever lost, and my
JUDGE scarce permits me to enjoy, in the

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midst of my gloomy horrors, the admiration of his worlds, those glorious structures that display his omnipotence and grace. Oh that I might without shuddering, presume to call him MY CREATOR! how willingly would I resign the tender, the indearing name of FATHER! how chearfully forego the noble privilege of the seraphim of being call'd his children! O thou, who art my judge, dare I, abandon'd, implore thee to cast on me one gracious look, while thus involv'd in guilt—involv'd in woe! Ye dark thoughts, full of anguish, and thou wild despair, tyrannic rage!—forever rage!—Miserable that I am! O that I were but blotted from the creation!—Curs'd be the day when the CREATOR went forth in his glory, and call'd me into being—Yes, cursed be thou, O day! when the new immortals said, He is also our brother; O Eternity! thou mother of endless torments! why didst thou bring it forth? And if it must still remain, wherefore is it dark and horrid, like the eternal night

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when the mighty Thunderer, borne on a tempest, drove us through the void creation, laden with the anger and curse of the OMNIPOTENT—But against whom, while doom'd to this horrid abyfs, dar'est thou, blasphemer, complain!—Fall on me ye suns, hide me ye stars, from the fierce wrath of him, who from the throne of his eternal justice, both as my Enemy and my Judge, fills me with terror and sad dismay. O thou, who in thy judgments art inexorable, has eternity no hopes in store for me? O divine JUDGE, CREATOR, most gracious FATHER!—Alas! again I offend—I blaspheme the MOST HIGH—I call him by names not to be utter'd by such an ingrate.—Yet all this he once was to me—He was once my most GRACIOUS FATHER—he would have been so still, had I like ABDIEL, my dearest friend, stood firm.—But I, alas! impious, ungrateful—I fly—but whither shall I fly?—Thus he spoke, and look'd, dejected, into the deep abyfs. Then lifting up his eyes, glaring with wild despair, he resum'd:

O GOD, arm'd with destruction ! create
 a fire — a devouring fire that will destroy
 the spirits which thou, without their consent,
 hast created immortal. In vain he
 call'd, no devouring flame appear'd : he
 then turn'd and fixing his looks on the
 worlds, flew up, till spent with fatigue, he
 alighted on one of the most distant suns,
 whence he cast his eyes on the abyss beneath,
 where stars innumerable seem'd to
 press on stars. A wandering comet approach'd ;
 already it smok'd, already its final period
 drew nigh. Upon it **ABBADONA** threw himself,
 that he might perish with it : but still surviving,
 he sunk, oppress'd with irremediable anguish,
 as a mount, rais'd of the bones of those who
 in former battles fell, when shaken by earthquakes,
 slowly sinks.

In the mean time **SATAN** and **ADRAMELECH**
 approach'd the earth. They proceeded together,
 yet alone, each solely taken up with his own
 infernal thoughts. And now **ADRAMELECH** descries
 the earth involv'd in distant darkness.

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 Vol. I.

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There, there it is, cry'd he to himself,
while thoughts crowded on thoughts, as the
waves of the ocean, when thou, far distant
America, wast divided from three worlds.
Yes, there it is. There I, as soon as I
have got rid of SATAN, or have obtain'd
the glory of conquering him, shall sole
reign as the author of evil. But why,
O earth ! over thee alone ? why not over
those stars, whose inhabitants have been
already too long happy ? your orbs shall
for me perform their courses. Yes, Death
shall advance from star to star, and in sight
of the ETERNAL, extend his dominion to
the utmost confines of the wide creation !
Then shall I, not like SATAN, successive-
ly destroy only single individuals of ratio-
nal beings, but sweep away entire genera-
tions. Before me shall they lie grovelling
on the earth, and writhing themselves with
torment, in excruciating agonies expire.
Then will I sit on this, on that, or the
other star triumphant, and, sole monarch,
cast my glad eyes over my infinite do-
main. Thou, Nature, whom I shall then

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have render'd the tomb of thy creatures, shall I delighted behold, while I, laughing, gaze on their corruption, in thy deep and endless grave. Even should the ETERNAL resolve to form other rational beings out of the dust of the tombs, I will bring them also to destruction. Thus shall my never-failing skill and intrepidity carry seduction and death from one star to another. Then shall I act like myself: and should I be successful in destroying spiritual beings, SATAN himself shall perish, and his immortal essence evaporate like smoke. Under him no great and worthy action shall I perform. It is then determin'd. Spiritual substances shall be reduc'd to nothing. I will destroy them or perish: for that is better than to live and not reign. I will go and summon all my thoughts, which like so many gods, shall assemble in order to form schemes of destruction. This is the time for performing what has eternally been the subject of my ambition. Now GOD awakes, and if SATAN does not err, has sent a SAVIOUR of mankind, who

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Book II. THE MESSIAH. 99

is to dispossess us of a kingdom we have so nobly conquer'd.—He is not mistaken; he who is called the MESSIAH, is the greatest of all the prophets. Yet I shall signalize myself by his overthrow, and all the assembled gods shall esteem me most worthy of the infernal throne. Or, what is still more suitable to my divinity, and more worthy of such an immortal being, I will first destroy SATAN: a glorious exploit that will put an end to my servitude!—he shall be subdu'd, and then shall I reign supreme among the gods. What a mighty affair dost thou, SATAN, make of killing only the body of the SAVIOUR! This then shall be thy task—This I permit thee to accomplish before thou thyself art destroy'd. I shall annihilate the soul: be it thy toilsome task to disperse the mortal dust.

Thus the proud boastful fiend malignant rav'd; bewildered by his wishes in a maze of thought. The MOST HIGH, who sees through the darkness of futurity, heard him in silence. ADRAME-

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LECH lost in meditations deep, insensibly
wrapp'd himself in the gathering clouds.
—His wrinkled front glow'd with rage
and malice, and fury lower'd on his
brow. At length, at the approach of
night, being rous'd by the noise made by
the revolving earth, he again join'd SA-
TAN, when both descending on the mount
of Olives, they with impatient rage went
in quest of the MESSIAH, and his faithful
followers. As two murderous chariots
rush into a valley, against the tranquil
general of an enemy's army; and as from
the lofty mountains are sent the embattled
warriors, who with harsh uproar rush
over the rocks, and spread afar the noise
and thunder of death, so ADRAMELECH
and SATAN descended the mountain.

THE END OF THE SECOND BOOK.

THE
THIRD BOOK
OF THE
MESSIAH.

THE ARGUMENT.

'The MESSIAH still continues among the sepulchres. ELOA descends from Heaven, and counts his tears. The souls of the patriarchs send the seraph ZEMIA, from the sun, to observe the words and actions of JESUS, while the darkness of the night prevents their seeing him. The MESSIAH sleeps for the last time, and while his disciples seek him about the mount of Olives, their guardian angels give ZEMIA their several characters. SATAN appears in a dream to JUDAS ISCARIOT in the form of his deceas'd father. The MESSIAH awaking comes to his disciples, and mentions their approaching flight. JUDAS, who had conceal'd himself, over-hears the MESSIAH, and feels his mind distracted by contending passions.

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B O O K III.

HAIL earth ! my native land, thee I
 revisit : thou shalt lay me in thy
 cool bosom among those who sleep in
 God : thou shalt softly cover these my
 bones. Yet let me hope first to conclude
 the sacred song of heavenly love. Then
 these lips which sung the gracious FRIEND
 of man ; then these eyes which he has oft
 fill'd with tears of joy, shall be clos'd :
 then my gentle friends, with frequent
 gushing grief, shall encircle my grave with
 ever-verdant laurel, and the spreading
 palm : there shall I sleep till my new-
 rais'd form, awak'd from death, rises in
 heavenly splendor from the silent grove.

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And thou harmonious muse of Sion's hill, who hast carry'd me to the gloomy regions of Hell, and safe hast brought me back, still trembling : thou, who in the divine countenance hast seen awful justice mix'd with radiant grace and love, pour on my enraptur'd soul celestial light, and teach her in lofty strains to sing the great REDEEMER.

JESUS still remain'd with JOHN, at the receptacles of the dead, among the scatter'd bones of human bodies, and surrounded by nocturnal darkness. He sat meditating on himself, the SON of the ETERNAL FATHER, sacrific'd for man. Before him pass'd in horrid form a numerous train of sins, which since the creation had receiv'd their birth from the children of ADAM ; follow'd in awful pomp by those posterity will still produce ; an innumerable host, flying from the face of GOD, in the midst of whom was SATAN their chief and father, driving sinners from the sacred throne, and gathering them round himself. Thus the northern whirlpool, ever open to de-

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struction, in circling eddies ingulphs the liquid plain, drawing into its deep abyfs unwary mariners. JESUS beheld the black assembly in their native forms most hideous, not as when painted by the passions, they appear to man in the garb of lavish luxury and proud ambition, or as when to the lascivious eye they seem dress'd in smiles and wanton blandishments. The holy SAVIOUR then look'd up to his FATHER, who, with awful countenance, regarded him; but though the tremendous sentence was slowly breaking forth, grace inexpressible beam'd from his face. The seraphs say, the FATHER then silent dropp'd the second tear: the first fell with ADAM's curse. While thus each the other view'd, all nature bow'd before them; full of awe and expectation, the world stood still, the stars stop'd their courses, and night gaz'd with all her eyes. The contemplating cherub in a calm cloud pass'd by. The seraph ELOA also riding in celestial vapours came down to earth, and having counted the tears of love, by the REDEEMER shed

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shed for man, reascended towards the heavenly plains. JOHN beheld him rise; for JESUS had open'd his eyes, and enabled him to perceive the seraph. He saw him, and stood amaz'd. Then with ardour embrac'd the MEDIATOR, and, sighing, call'd him his SAVIOUR and his LORD! enraptur'd he thus call'd him, and fill'd with joys inexpressible, continu'd the sweet embrace.

Meanwhile the eleven, who had long been depriv'd of the sight of JESUS, wander'd sorrowful at the foot of the mount of Olives, seeking him amidst the darkness of the night: one alone excepted, who no longer paid the same honour, or felt the same tender regard for the MESSIAH, as the others. Though fill'd with innocence and unspotted truth, they knew not the purity and sublime nature of their own souls: but they were better known to GOD. He had given them minds fit for receiving divine illuminations. Even he, who prov'd himself unworthy of the celestial call, might also have receiv'd heavenly

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BOOK III. THE MESSIAH. 107

revelations, had he not afterwards impiously betray'd the blessed SAVIOUR. For before the souls of the apostles dwelt in tabernacles of clay, golden thrones were prepar'd for them in Heaven, by those of the four and twenty elders. Yet one of these had been cover'd with clouds, they, however, soon dispers'd, and the bright throne again diffus'd effulgent splendor. ELOA then came forth, and with a loud voice said, This is taken from him, and given to one more worthy.

Their guardian spirits, twelve angels of the earth under the inspection of GABRIEL, now ascended to the summit of the mountain, and with tender complacency, stood unseen, viewing those committed to their charge, while they with eyes fill'd with anxious tears, carefully sought the divine MEDIATOR. Meanwhile ZEMIA, an agil spirit, one of the four next in authority to URIEL, descended from the throne, and thus spake.

Tell me, ye celestial friends, where is the great MESSIAH? sent by the souls of

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the fathers, I shall with awful silence accompany his steps, and with admiration observe all his words and actions. No holy expression, no sigh of compassion, will I suffer to escape unobserved: no look beaming comfort, no tear of soft commiseration, shall appear in his eye, unnotic'd. O earth! too soon dost thou withdraw from the view of thine ancient inhabitants, thy fields most lovely, where walks the glorious PRINCE OF PEACE veil'd in humanity. Too soon dost thou fly the day and URIEL's face, while the sun reluctant lights the other hemisphere. There no rising hill, no lowly vale, gives delight; for there the SAVIOUR is not seen.

ORION, the seraph, SIMON's guardian angel, then reply'd, Below among the melancholy sepulchres hewn deep in the rocks, near the foot of this mountain, stands the great MESSIAH rapt in meditation. ZEMIA beheld him, and remain'd in silent extasy. He still stood enraptur'd while on their swift wings two fleeting

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BOOK III. THE MESSIAH. 109

hours pass'd over his head. Two hours since the calm silence of the night began. Then the last balmy sleep descended on the eye of the MEDIATOR; for sacred repose, issuing from the divine sanctuary, was sent by the almighty FATHER in a gentle breeze. JESUS slept. ZEMIA then turning, enter'd into the midst of the spiritual assembly, and in the voice of friendship thus spake:

Tell me, ye celestial friends, who are those I see roaming on the mountain dejected and forlorn? Over their faces hovers sympathizing grief, ever graceful when, as here, there appears a noble mind. They, perhaps, lament some dear departed friend, virtuous like themselves. These O ZEMIA! ORION reply'd, are the holy twelve, whom the MESSIAH chose for his disciples. Happy are we in being selected their guardians and friends. Thus we continually behold their divine Master, and hear, how he, with sweetest lips of sacred love, opens to them his heart: how he dispenses his instructions: how in

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sublimest converse, he introduces them to the knowledge of celestial mysteries, or in parables shews thee, immortal Virtue, in all thy native lustre. Thus impressing his image on their hearts, he forms them for the glorious employment of leading man to the bright regions of immortality. Oh how much do we learn from his instructions! how vigilant are we render'd by his bright example! and how are we allur'd to accompany him in fervent adoration of the SOURCE of all good, the supreme FATHER of angels and of men! O ZEMIA! wert thou but daily to behold him—wert thou but witness to his divine friendship, his humility, his exalted piety, thine heart would overflow with silent rapture. Delightful is it also to the immortals to hear his disciples converse of him, like us in affectionate effusions of love. Often, O my friend! have I said to these my companions, and I again repeat it, that I have frequently wish'd to be of ADAM's race, and to live with man in a state of mortality, if mortality can

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BOOK III. THE MESSIAH. 111

be without sin. Perhaps I might then more truly honour the MESSIAH: perhaps I should feel a more ardent affection for my brother, born of the same flesh and blood. With what rapture might I then deliver up my life for him who had dy'd for me! While stain'd with my warm innocent blood I would praise him; and then my faint sighs, my dying accents, would sound in the ears of the MOST HIGH, with no less harmony, than the lofty strains of ELOA, when he stands before the throne. Then, ZEMIA, thou, or one of these my friends, would, with invisible hand, gently close my eyes, and conduct my departed soul to the ETERNAL KING.

Greatly, O gentle seraph! reply'd ZEMIA, am I mov'd by thy words. How hast thou incited me to join in thy wish to be a brother of man! Those I there behold are then the holy twelve, the MESSIAH's chosen friends. An honour which a seraph might well wish to obtain, by becoming mortal. I salute you his dis-

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ciples: ye are worthy of immortality. You the REDEEMER loves as brethren. Ye shall sit with your LORD on golden thrones to judge the world. O ye seraphim! I would hear the names already recorded in the book of life. Say first, who is he that with quick eye looks around, and now penetrates the thick grove, perhaps with impatient eagerness looking for JESUS? In his countenance methinks I see the traces of a bold and determin'd mind. Tell me the thoughts and emotions of a heart that seems susceptible of the strongest impressions.

This, reply'd the seraph ORION, is SIMON PETER, one of the greatest of the disciples. Me has the REDEEMER chosen his guardian angel. Thou, O ZEMIA hast judg'd aright: he is all that thou sayst. Shouldst thou see him when full of fervor, he listens to the voice of his gracious Master; or when absent from him, and no longer under his eye; or when sleeping, he, in his dreams, beholds his SAVIOUR; thou, O seraph! wouldst

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BOOK III. THE MESSIAH. 113

admire the sensibility of his heart, and think it still more divine. Lately JESUS asking his disciples, whom they thought him, PETER answer'd, with tears of joy, Thou art CHRIST, the Son of the living GOD. But, oh that I had not heard the MESSIAH say to PETER, Thou wilt deny me thrice ! how dreadful the prediction ! Ah SIMON, my brother ! what—oh what were the thoughts of thine heart ? boldly didst thou reply, I will never deny thee my REDEEMER and my LORD. Yet JESUS again repeated the dreadful words. Didst thou, PETER, but know how this fills me with soft compassion, surely thou wouldst, as thou hast said, rather die than deny thy kind and gracious LORD. Thou knowest how JESUS loves thee. For then didst thou observe, that while he thus spake, he beheld thee with eyes full of divine sympathy and grace. Fain, O PETER ! would I hope, that thou wilt not basely deny thy LORD.

The seraph ZEMIA heard him with deep concern, and reply'd, Is it possible that he

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should be so void of gratitude and love, as to disown his SAVIOUR, his faithful, his divine Friend! what honesty and truth shine in his face! But who is he, on whose open countenance is painted a glow of virtue and a detestation of vice, inexorable to the slavish sinner who knows not GOD? is he not PETER's friend? how closely he attends him! with him he converses with all the familiarity of fraternal affection.

SIPHA, his guardian angel, answered, Right, O seraph! is thy conjecture. That is ANDREW, PETER's brother. They grew up together from tender infancy, under my care and that of ORION. Often have I, when his fond mother was affectionately embracing my infant charge, moulded his heart, to render it capable of receiving the perfect love he was afterwards to feel for the MESSIAH. When JESUS saw him as he stood by Jordan's silver stream, he was one of the disciples of JOHN, and still in his retentive ear resounded the words of that holy prophet concerning the ME-

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DIATOR, whose coming was at hand. JESUS, with a look of benignity, call'd him. I was present. I beheld a divine fire pervade his breast; he felt the heavenly impulse flash upon his soul, and instantly flew to his SAVIOUR.

Now spake LIBANIEL, PHILIP's tutelar angel, and said, He, O ZEMIA, whom thou see'st fill'd with social friendship for those two brothers, is PHILIP. A smile of benevolence adorns his placid countenance, and the invariable desire of loving as brethren, all whom the MOST HIGH created in his own image, is the ruling passion of his godlike mind. The great CREATOR has also tipt his tongue with mild persuasive eloquence. As at the wakening morn the dew distils from Hermon, and odours breathe from the spreading olive, so sweet discourse proceeds from the lips of PHILIP.

But who, said ZEMIA, smiling, is he that with slow step walks among the cedars? on his face glows a noble desire of fame. Behold, he appears like one of those

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immortal sons of Sion, who consecrate their sacred works to posterity, and live in fame from generation to generation. Their glory unconfined, becomes boundless and eternal; it sometimes passes from star to star; and when they, enraptur'd, compose hymns of GOD and his MESSIAH, we aid the aspiring strains, and sing them in the Heavens.

That, said the seraph ADONA, is JAMES the son of ZEBEDEE. His noble ambition is solely directed to divine objects. His grand pursuit, to rise to glorify at the great and solemn day, when the LORD OF LIFE shall awake the dead, and pass sentence on the sons of man. To his exalted soul, less honour would be ignominy. On his seeing the SAVIOUR, in a rapture of joy he ran to meet him. I saw him when on Tabor's hallow'd mount, MOSES and ELIAS, sent of GOD, appear'd to the MESSIAH. Lo, bright and glowing clouds encompass'd and overshadow'd them. JESUS was transfigur'd: his face shone more bright than the sun in its meridian

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lustre: he was array'd in silver light. As in the holy of holies AARON the high priest transported saw the glory of GOD, so enraptur'd by this pomp of celestial splendor, JAMES admired and contemplated the glorious appearance. He of all the holy twelve, is to be the first martyr. Thus say the tables of prescience. He, is therefore soon to enter triumphant on the ample theatre of the eternal state, and to quench the desires of his longing soul, in the unutterable delights of never ceasing felicity.

SIMON the Canaanite, whom thou beholdest sitting, said MEGIDDON, his tutelar angel, was once a devout shepherd whom JESUS called from the field. His innocent and peaceful life, with his meekness and simplicity of manners, has gain'd the heart of his LORD. JESUS coming to him on a journey, he, with hospitable speed, kill'd a young lamb, and with assiduous care attended the welcome guest, transported with the honour of entertaining in his low cottage the Prophet of GOD.

Not less grateful was his repast to the MESSIAH, than that he and the two angels receiv'd from ABRAHAM in the plains of Mamre. Come, O SIMON!—come, and follow me, said he, with benignity in his look—follow me, and leave thy flocks to thy companions. I am he, of whom thou, when a youth, heardest the song of the heavenly host by Bethlehem's limpid stream.

There is my beloved charge, said ADORAM, the seraph. Behold JAMES the son of ALPHEUS. That grave and placid countenance is expressive of the modest virtue which consists not in words, but in action. While conscious that he is known to GOD, though disregarded by man; forgotten by posterity, and overlook'd by us, his celestial friends, he would still persevere in his exalted piety and steady virtue.

UMBRIEL then stood forth, and stretching out his hand to ZEMIA, said, He whom thou seest musing in the depths of that tall grove, is THOMAS, a zealous

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disciple. His mind is continually rapt in meditation, thoughts frequently produce thoughts without end, and extend before him, like a boundless sea. He was once almost lost in the dark system of Sadducean dreams : but was sav'd by the mighty miracles of the MESSIAH. Then leaving the mazy labyrinths of entangling error, he came to JESUS. Yet still, hard of conviction, he would fill me with solicitude, did I not know that with his active mind, he has sincerity of heart, and an ardent love of sacred truth.

Yonder, said the seraph BILDAI, is MATTHEW, who was educated in the soft luxurious lap of pleasure. His wealthy parents accustom'd him to the fordid employment of those who, unmindful of their immortal souls, are as insatiably bent on accumulating shining ore, as if they were to live eternally on this heavy globe : but on his seeing the blessed JESUS, the hidden powers of his mind expanded : at a nod from CHRIST he follow'd him, leaving his employment, which had press'd

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him down to the earth, to the groveling souls who have no taste for the more substantial treasures of heavenly wisdom. Thus a brave hero, when call'd to hazard his life for his country, breaks from the charms of some fair princess. He enters the field. There the MOST HIGH array'd in justice, guides the battle, and directs the hand of death. The great commander, rather call'd by the voice of injur'd Innocence, than the trump of Fame, shall receive the joyful acclamations of those he has delivered; for just is his war, and if in the midst of slaughter, he remember that he himself is a man, we will chant his name before the ETERNAL.

SIONA, the seraph, then said, that amiable old man with silver locks, is BARTHOLOMEW. He is under my care. Observe his devout and engaging countenance. There sacred virtue delights to dwell. By his practice its severities will be render'd more amiable and acceptable to mortals. Thou, O BARTHOLOMEW! shall gather many to JESUS. They shall

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see thy glorious end, and be struck with thy fortitude, when thou, in the sweat of death, shalt smile on thy murderers, and on thy brethren, with the tranquility of a seraph. Then, ye celestial friends, you will join with me, in wiping the blood from his face, that all may behold his triumph over death, and, fill'd with admiration, turn to the LORD.

That meek and humble disciple, said ELIM, is my LEBBEUS. Few have such tenderness and sensibility. When I call'd his immortal spirit from those regions, where souls reside before their union with the body, I found it by a stream which, murmuring like the distant sound of sighs and plaintive moans, creeps along the vale. There, as angels relate, ABBADONA lamented as he return'd from Eden, after seeing the mother of mankind, who had lost her spotless innocence. We also well know, that there the seraphs oft bewail the souls intrusted to their care, when after adorning their juvenile years with fair religion, and sanctity of manners, they un-

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happily blast their blooming virtues, and despising the nobler pleasures which Heaven approves, become infatuated with the false, the shadowy allurements of vice. Alas! how dreadful will be their fate! the angels lament their fall with sighs of pity, and shed tears, such as cannot fall from the eyes of mortals. There I found the soul of my dear **LEBBEUS**, shrouded in tranquil clouds, and listening with faint perception, to the sound of pensive murmurs. These, where the stronger feelings of the senses prevail, are disregarded. Yet when his soul, cloth'd with light, enter'd the body, a slight perception of the melancholy murmurs still remain'd, sufficient to impress the mind in its first formation. Soft in the bosom of a fleecy cloud, I gently convey'd the unimbody'd spirit to the dwellings of mortals. At length his mother brought him forth in a grove of palms. I descended invisible from the top of the rustling branches, and cool'd the infant with refreshing breezes: but even then at the gloomy sensation that

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BOOK III. THE MESSIAH. 123

he was born to die, the number of his tears exceeded that of other mortals. He pass'd his youth in tender sorrow, weeping at the tear shed by a friend, and sympathizing in every woe of his fellow creatures. Thus, soft and compassionate, has he pass'd his time with JESUS. How am I griev'd for thee, O LEBBEUS! at the death of thy LORD, thou, his devout disciple, wilt sink under the burthen of thy grief. Ah! support him, thou gracious REDEEMER! strengthen him in that hour, thou who pitiest mankind! Behold with faltering step he is wandering towards us in deep affliction. Here, seraph, of him thou wilt have a nearer view, and face to face see the softest and most tender soul.

While ELIM was yet speaking, LEBBEUS silently join'd them. Quick the circle of assembled seraphs widen'd to admit a mortal. So the vernal breezes move before Philomela's plaintive strains. They now encompass him, and full of affection, stand as man with man. LEBBEUS thinking himself alone, and unobserv'd, lift up

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his join'd hands, and with gestures of distress, indulg'd the transports of his grief; crying, No where can I find him. Already one dismal day—already two tedious nights have fled, and we have not seen him! Ah his cruel persecutors have at length found and seiz'd him! I forsaken, live, though JESUS is dead! Thee have sinners barbarously slain, and yet I did not see thee die!—Thine eyes with gentle hand I have not clos'd! Say, ye cruel men! where did ye murder him? To what dreary desert, to what barren wild, to what gloomy sepulchre, did ye, inhuman, drag him, to take away his life? Ah where, my divine friend, dost thou lie? It is among the dead, pale and disfigur'd! The tender grace, the heavenly smile of thy compassionate looks, these murderers have stolen!—Thy servants have not seen thee die! Oh that this heart—this oppress'd heart, might cease to beat!—that my soul, form'd for anguish, might, like that dusky cloud, fly into the night of death, that I might there meet my LORD! Spent

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with watching, I will lye down and indulge this sleep that comes upon me.

Thus lamenting, he sunk into the arms of sleep. ELIM cover'd him with the slender branches of the olive; fann'd his languid face with his gentle breath; pour'd on his head balmy slumbers, and, while he slept, presented to his mind a dream, in which he walk'd conversing with his LORD.

ZEMIA hung over him full of benevolent sympathy, when a disciple appear'd coming from the gloomy grove before the sepulchres. Tell me also, said he, who is he that ascends the mountain? His raven locks fall in curls on his ample shoulders, and a manly beauty appears amidst the austerity of his countenance; while his head rising supereminent above those of the other disciples, completes the dignity of his appearance. But may I, my celestial friends, presume to say, that if I am not deceiv'd, I perceive in his countenance, traces of the strongest agitations of mind, and something that to me appears mean and sordid. He is, however, a disciple,

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and will one day come with JESUS in the clouds of Heaven to judge the world.— But whence, O ye immortals ! is this silence ? Will none of you, my celestial friends, condescend to answer me ? Ah, why do you still continue silent ? Have I form'd a mistaken judgment of this disciple, and does that give you pain ? Speak—oh speak—I own my fault. And thou holy disciple, be not offended. When thou shalt enjoy the honour of suffering martyrdom for the truth, and shalt enter in triumph among the immortals, before these seraphs will I atone for my offence, by the most cordial friendship.

Ah ZEMIA ! must I then answer thee ? said ITHURIEL, sighing and advancing towards the seraph. Better would it be for us both, were I to observe, on this subject, an eternal silence :—Yet I will answer thee. He whom thou see'st is JUDAS ISCARIOT. I would not, O seraph, lament over him—unmov'd, and without one compassionate tear, would I behold him. With pious indignation would I avoid the

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guilty wretch, had he not been blest'd with a heart form'd for every virtue, and pass'd his youth unpolluted by crimes — had not the MESSIAH himself thought him worthy of my care, when his life was pious and holy, and irreproachable. But alas! now he—To add more, would be heaping sorrow on sorrow! Ah! now I know why, when in the presence of the MOST HIGH, we were discoursing of the souls of the disciples, ELOA the seraph, on receiving a sign from the SUPREME, descended mournful, and instantly envelopp'd in clouds one of the lofty golden seats, set apart for the twelve disciples, near the ETERNAL. O that thou, JUDAS, hadst never been born! Oh that no seraph had ever mention'd thine immortal soul! Better—ininitely better would it have been for thee never to have seen the light, than for thee, ungrateful traitor! to betray thy LORD, and profane the glorious, the sacred office to which thou wert call'd.

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Thus spake the seraph ITHURIEL, and with down-cast look stood before ZEMIA, who reply'd, I shuddering sympathize with thee, and darkness, like that which precedes the dawn, overclouds my eyes. JUDAS, one of the twelve, and thy charge, O ITHURIEL, profane the office of a disciple, and dishonour the gracious MEDIATOR ! this none of the immortals could have believ'd. Yet, what is his dreadful crime ? What has the abandon'd done, before JESUS, and thee, and the celestial spirits ? freely tell me, tho' my heart, O ITHURIEL ! tremble at the recital.

O seraph ! ITHURIEL return'd, he hates JOHN, because CHRIST loves him with greater tenderness than any of his other disciples. And—(fain would he conceal it from himself) he hates the REDEEMER ! In an unhappy hour, dishonest avarice took root in his once noble soul : For this is not the vice of youth. Blinded by this base, unsocial passion, he imagines that JOHN will be

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preferr'd by the MESSIAH before the other disciples, and more especially before him, to collect the treasure ; the heavenly treasure, the first fruits of the unbounded wealth of his new kingdom. Thus does he speak of it ; and this, oft have I heard him murmur with rancorous heart, when in his lonely walks he thought himself unobserv'd. Once—(long will the horrid image hover in my sight, and fill my heart with silent gloom) Once in the vale of Ben-hinnon, full of inquietude, he gave vent to the agitations of his mind, uttering the most malignant and impious wishes. Deeply affected, I cast down my eyes, when instantly I beheld SATAN leave him, with an air of bitter mockery and triumphant smiles ; and then passing by me, gave me a look of arrogant contempt. At present the heart of JUDAS is so torn by the storms of guilty passions that I dread lest each black thought, each fell emotion of his wicked mind, should hurry him to swift perdition.

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Oh that thine omnipotent hand O
GOD, had held SATAN bound in adamantine chains in the abyfs of deepeft darknefs ! that the immortal foul thou haft form'd for eternal glory, might recover from her errors, and feize the precious remaining hours ; that, worthy of her high birth, and the creative voice by which the ALMIGHTY call'd her to immortality, and consecrated her to the difciplefhip, fhe, invincible and fearless, might refift the furious deftroyer, with the courage and intrepidity of a feraph. But, O thou fupreme WISDOM ! thou SOURCE OF GOODNESS ! be not offended at my wifhes : whatever thou doeft, is wifeft, moft juft, and beft.

Deareft feraph, cry'd ZEMIA, what fays the MEDIATOR?—ah, what does the gracious MEDIATOR fay to his loft difciple ? Can he ftill fee near him the criminal ? Does he yet love him ? and if he does, oh ! how does he fhew his compaffion ?

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ZEMIA, constrain'd by thee, said
ITHURIEL, I must reveal all that I
would gladly conceal from myself, from
thee, and from the angels. Unworthy
as he is, JESUS still loves him. Full of
assiduous affection, not in words, but
by looks of the most divine benevolence,
he lately, when all the disciples were
present, said, Thou art he that will be-
tray me ! ZEMIA see he approaches, I
will retire. I can no longer bear to look
upon the ingrate. Follow me. Thus
saying, ITHURIEL hastened away. ZE-
MIA went with him, and SALEM, a
young seraph, who was JOHN's second
guardian, follow'd them at a distance :
for GOD had given to JOHN two tutelar
angels, the chief of whom was RA-
PHAEL, one of the most exalted se-
raphs.

ZEMIA and ITHURIEL now went to
JESUS at the sepulchres. There SA-
LEM, with radiant countenance, join'd
them, and, with a look of cordial affec-
tion, gave them the tender embrace. A

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mild joy shone in SALEM's face, and a youthful smile play'd in his features. As the opening gates of a delightful vernal morn was his sacred mouth, which pour'd forth the sweetest harmony, and from his lips flow'd eloquence in soft mellifluous accents.

Ye seraphs, compose your minds, said he; there, with JESUS in the tombs, is JOHN, the most amiable of all the disciples. Cast your eyes on him, and you will no longer think of JUDAS. Devout as a seraph, he lives with the MESSIAH as one of the immortals. To him the REDEEMER opens his heart; and him has he chosen his chief confident. As the friendship of GABRIEL and the exalted ELOA, or as the affection ABDIEL once felt for ABBA-DONA, while living with him in native innocence, is the friendship that subsists between JOHN and his divine MASTER. Of this he is worthy: for of all the souls of men, the CREATOR never form'd one more pure and heavenly

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than that of JOHN. I was present when the immortal essence came forth, and beheld a resplendent rank of young celestial spirits, thus, in flowing numbers, hail their companion :

We salute thy coming forth, immortal friend ! holy offspring of the breath divine, we salute thee ! Beauteous and loving art thou as SALEM, as RAPHAEL heavenly and sublime. From thee pure sentiments will flow as dew from the purple clouds of the morning, and thy humane heart—thy heart, fill'd with tender sensations, shall melt, as the eyes of the seraphim, enraptur'd at the sight of virtue, overflow with sweetest transport. Fair daughter of the breath divine, faithful sister of the soul which once, in its unspotted youth, animated the first of men, we will now conduct thee to the body, thy companion, which smiling Nature moulds for thee in proportions just and lovely. It will be beautiful, like the body of the MESSIAH, which soon the DIVINE SPIRIT will

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form, and which, in manly grace, shall exceed all the sons of ADAM. In this thy tender and amiable frame, thy virtues will be prov'd, till the fair habitation of clay shall be destroy'd. It shall then moulder in the dust; but at last thy SALEM will seek and awake thee; and if thou hast faithfully perform'd thy task on earth, will conduct thee, array'd in celestial beauty, to the embraces of thy MESSIAH, coming in the clouds to judge the world. Thus, enraptur'd, sang the juvenile spirits of Heaven.

SALEM ceas'd. He and the other seraphs, fill'd with softest affection, remain'd near JOHN. Thus three brothers encompass a beloved sister, who, in blooming beauty, resembles the fair immortals, while she, with mind untroubled, sleeps on the new blown flowers. Alas! she knows not that her worthy father draws near the end of his virtuous course! With this distressful

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news her brothers came ; but forbear to molest her placid slumbers.

Meanwhile the other disciples, spent with inquietude and fatigue, had fallen asleep : one lay shelter'd by the low bending arms of a spreading olive ; another in a valley, encompass'd by eminences on all sides gently rising ; another at the foot of a lofty cedar, which with soft rustling sounds shed from its waving top, gentle dew and soft repose. Some slept in the sepulchres built by the children of the sanguinary city, in honour of the prophets murder'd by their fathers : while JUDAS ISCARIOT, weary'd by the perturbations of his guilty mind, lay near the gentle LEBBEUS, his relation and friend.

SATAN, who in a secret cave had listened to the characters the angels had given of the disciples, now burst forth furious, and with fell purpose of dire destruction approach'd JUDAS. So in the midnight hour the pestilence silent invades some sleeping city. Death on ex-

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panded wings hovers round the walls,
breathing poisonous vapours. While
the city rests, the sage, still wakeful,
sits with his friends, refin'd in senti-
ment, under the shade of a leafy bower,
regal'd with chearful wine. Sober Tem-
perance fills the glass, and adds an in-
nocent alacrity to their sublime converse
on the charms of friendship, the na-
ture of the soul, and its endless duration.
But soon approaches the day of lamen-
tation. Soon death, with hollow eyes
and countenance terrible, spreads far
and wide his baneful influence. Then
is the night of torments and of groans,
of heart-rending sighs, and gushing
sorrow. Wringing her hands, the ten-
der bride bewails her dearer half, the
partner of her soul. Then the dis-
tracted mother, whose agonizing heart
is depriv'd of all her little fondlings,
curses the day of her birth and theirs.
Then even the unfeeling grave-digger
stands aghast; trembling, he joins the
crouding dead, and drops into the pit

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himself had dug. From the clouds that envelop the top of high Olympus, the angel of death with pensive brow descends, and beholding a desert waste lying in dreary silence, stands on an aspiring tomb deep musing.

Thus on JUDAS, Satan descended with sudden destruction, and presented to his waking fancy a seducing dream. Quick he inflam'd his throbbing heart with fell sensations: thoughts big with rage and furious storms. Thus the red bolt of the heavens, falling on mountains of sulphur, kindles the ready materials; then new subterranean thunders roar, and through the caverns the spreading tempest rolls. For high mysteries, and thoughts apt to inflame the souls of men, were, for his greater condemnation, not unknown to SATAN. Soon careful Sollicitude brought back the seraph ITHURIEL to stay by his wretched charge: but perceiving SATAN hovering over JUDAS, he trembling stopp'd; then, looking up

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to the ALMIGHTY, resolv'd to awake him from his sleep. Thrice, with the wings of a storm roaring among the cedars, he swept over his face : thrice he pass'd by him with sounding steps, that made the summit of the mountain shake. Yet JUDAS continued as in the sleep of death. To the dreaming disciple SATAN, in the form of his father, appear'd with disconsolate looks of grief and perturbation ; and with trembling accents, fraught with guile, thus spake :

Dost thou here sleep, JUDAS, careless and at thine ease ? still dost thou continue absent from JESUS, as if thou knewest not that thou art the object of his hatred, and that all his other disciples he prefers to thee ? why art thou not continually near him ? why dost thou not attempt to regain the favour of thy LORD ? Good God ! what fault have I, what crime hast thou committed, that I should be oblig'd to leave the region of death to lament the melancholy fate of thee, my son ? Ah dost thou suppose

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that thou shalt enjoy greater happiness in the new empire CHRIST is to erect? how miserably art thou deceived! PETER and the favourite sons of ZEBEDEE, will be greater and more mighty than thee! treasures in a full stream shall flow to them from the spacious land. All the others too shall receive from the MESSIAH a much more splendid inheritance than my unhappy son. Come, JUDAS, I will shew thee his kingdom in all its glory. Rise with me: be not dismay'd; but arm thyself with courage. Now thou seest before thee that endless chain of mountains, which cast their lengthening shades into that fertile valley. There gold shall be incessantly dug; gold, bright and glittering as that of Ophir: while the valley shall thro' the prosperous year pour forth a rich exuberance of blessings. This is the delightful inheritance of the favourite JOHN. That hill, cover'd with pendant vineyards, and those wide-spreading fields, cloth'd with waving corn, the

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MESSIAH has given to PETER. Seest thou all the opulence of that smiling country, where cities rising in lofty splendor, each like Jerusalem, the king's daughter, glitter in the sun, and with their innumerable inhabitants extend along the vale. Behold how those cities are water'd by the limpid streams of a new Jordan, which passes through noble arches in the lofty walls. Gardens, resembling fertile Eden, wave their blushing fruit, over the golden sands, on its happy shores. These are the kingdoms of the other disciples. But now, JUDAS, my son, observe that far distant mountainous country, wild, stony, and cover'd with wither'd shrubs. How barren, how desolate! Above it rests Night in cold and drisly clouds, and beneath, on the tops of the eminences, a sterile depth of ice and northern snow. That, O JUDAS! is thine inheritance. In those gloomy regions thou, and the birds of night, thy companions, are condemn'd to

Book III. THE MESSIAH. 141

wander solitary among the aged oaks. With what haughty—with what contemptuous airs will the happy disciples look down on thee! they will pass by without condescending to observe thee! Ah, JUDAS, thou weepest with indignation!—but in vain thou weepest!—in vain are all thy tears, while, surrounded with despair, thou neglectest to help thyself! yet listen to me, thy father, and I will disclose to thee my heart. Thou knowest the MESSIAH delays the promis'd redemption; the Jews are still in subjection; and he does not appear in haste to erect his new and glorious empire. Thou art also sensible, that the great are most averse to submit to the authority of the Nazarine king, and daily contrive his death. Do thou, therefore, deliver him into the hands of the priests, not to revenge his hatred to thee; but that he may the sooner overwhelm them with irremediable infamy and confusion, and thus be oblig'd to found his long ex-

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pected empire. Thou wilt then, as now, be the disciple of a dreaded master; and wilt the sooner obtain thine allotted portion. This thou wilt also improve by labour and industry, by tillage and trade, so as to give it some little resemblance to the more fertile inheritances of thy companions. Meanwhile of this thou mayst be certain, that the grateful priests will reward thee for delivering up JESUS, by giving thee a part of their riches. Now, JUDAS, follow the advice of thy troubled father. Thou canst not be deceiv'd. View me well, and observe my pale and faded visage. But thou awakest. Despise not my admonitions. I have now pointed out the means of thy deliverance, let me not then return melancholy and dejected to my abode among the souls of the dead.

SATAN having ended, with haughty mien stood over him erect and tall. Thus rises a mountain, late a valley, when convulsive earthquakes rock the

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neighbouring eminences, and sink the surrounding hills. JUDAS awoke. Furious he started up, crying, Yes, it was he—it was the voice of my deceas'd father!--Thus he spake--thus he look'd, when before my eyes he gave up the ghost. Ah! it is then beyond all doubt that JESUS hates me! the very dead know that he hates me! Wretch, what thou hast apprehended with fear and trembling, the souls of the dead now declare. Well, I will haste and put in execution my father's advice.—But, with what treachery shall I then act towards the MESSIAH! may not this vision be owing to the disgust that rankles in my heart? may it not be suggested by SATAN? Hence, ye groveling, ye timorous surmises! I already feel that I am enflam'd with the desire of riches—with the impatience of revenge! O my soul! why art thou so tender, so scrupulous? visions present themselves before thee—visions enjoin thee revenge.—The command of a vision sanctifies the deed.

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SATAN heard him thus speak—him who had previously offended the ALMIGHTY, by staining his soul with base and ignoble passions. He heard him with pleasure, and glorying in his success, rais'd his head still higher, and unseen, look'd down on JUDAS with triumphant arrogance. Thus on the top of high Olympus, a dreadful rock impends over the swelling sea, proudly threatening destruction to the approaching mariners; but soon will the red lightning, with hideous roar and terrible confusion, strike it down, and lay it in the lowly deep. The islands will see its fall, and exult in the avenging thunder. SATAN, now leaving Olivet, with lofty strides stalk'd unseen over Jerusalem, and repair'd to CAIAPHAS, who slept in his still silent palace, by delusive visions, to infuse into the wicked heart of the enemy and high-priest of GOD, emotions still more vile. Meanwhile JUDAS continu'd on the

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mount wrapp'd up in thoughts malignant as his soul.

The day was rising on the slumbering world when JESUS awoke, and with him JOHN. Together they walk'd up the mount, whence they saw the disciples still asleep. JESUS then taking the devout LEBBEUS by the hand, said, I, my dear friend, am here, and still alive. Up sprang the transported disciple, and embrac'd him with tears of joy. Then running to the other disciples, awak'd them, and brought them to their DIVINE MASTER, when, affectionately gathering round him, he with a gracious smile thus adress'd them.

Come, my pious friends, this day will we rejoice before we exchange the last embrace. Still the heavens, from the early cloud, shed the refreshing dews on this favour'd land. Behold the towering cedar planted by my FATHER's hand, affords her cooling shade;

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and still I behold man, form'd after the divine image, walking with the immortals. But this will be no longer seen. Soon will the darkning sky be wrapp'd in gloomy clouds. Soon will the earth with dire convulsions tremble, and this land, so replete with blessings; this long-favour'd region will become desolate. Soon will man look on me with murderous eye, and soon will ye all fly from me, your LORD. Weep not, O PETER! and thou, my tender, my affectionate disciple, be not afflicted: for while the bridegroom is present, no grief is felt by the bride. Ye shall see me again at the resurrection—ye shall see me with all the raptures with which a mother recovers her only son.

Thus he spake, but while his face was illumin'd with grace and love, his heart was fill'd with keenest anguish. He then descended the mount, accompany'd by all his disciples except JUDAS, who, standing in the thick

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shade of tufted trees, had heard the SAVIOUR's speech, and looking after JESUS who walk'd away with quick step, said, He himself already knows that a day of darkness hangs over his head. He is therefore not ignorant of the manner in which he will treat his persecutors, and accomplish the great work he has begun. He then knows my design—knows that I intend to betray him. Yet should I be deceiv'd—should my dream prove an illusion, and hated as I am, did it come to encrease my torment?—Ah curs'd be the hour in which I clos'd my eyes, and the apparition of my father appear'd to my view! May shrieks resound through the mountain!—May dying groans deepen the horror of the mouldering sepulchres!—Curs'd be the place where I lay! There may an unnatural son murder his father! May it be defil'd by the blood of my nearest friend, slain by his own desperate hand!—But why

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do I thus rave ? Why give way to such gloomy ideas ? Why do I feel this inward conflict ? Why am I thus at variance with myself ? It is not my fault if I am deceiv'd. But dost thou, hoary, vifionary sage, enjoin me to commit a crime, by betraying the MESSIAH ?—him whose precepts—whose example I have profess'd to follow—him whom I ought to love and reverence ? May the day—that fatal day, be curs'd, when Jesus chose me—when full of love, and with a look of benevolence he said, Follow me ! May it be cover'd with clouds and the gloom of night ! May the pestilence walk in darkness, and destructive diseases slay in the heat of noon ! Let no man name thee ! Mayst thou be forgotten of God ! — But whence this agony—this secret horror ? Why, my bones, do ye tremble ? Why am I so pusillanimous ? Why do I thus torment myself ? I will rouse my courage, and shake off these weak forebod-

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BOOK III. THE MESSIAH. 149

ing fears. My fight did not deceive me, and if it did, can I by any other means accomplish my desires? Thus he rav'd : Meanwhile, since his vision, he had advanc'd two dreadful hours nearer to eternity.

THE END OF THE THIRD BOOK.

THE
FOURTH BOOK
OF THE
MESSIAH.

THE ARGUMENT.

CAIAPHAS assembles the Sanhedrim, relates his dream, and proposes the death of JESUS. PHILO, a Pharisee, supposes the dream a fiction, but joins, with great vehemence, in recommending the death of CHRIST. They are warmly oppos'd by GAMALIEL and NICODEMUS. JUDAS has a private conference with CAIAPHAS. The MESSIAH sends PETER and JOHN to prepare the Passover. PETER sees MARY the mother of JESUS, LAZARUS, MARY his sister, SEMIDA, and CIDLI, coming in quest of JESUS. The pious love of SEMIDA and CIDLI. MARY proceeds in search of JESUS, who stops at the tomb of JOSEPH of Arimathea, near Golgotha. He proceeds to Jerusalem, and is met by JUDAS. ITHURIEL, no longer able to continue that traitor's guardian's angel, is made PETER's second angel. JESUS institutes the memorial of his death. JUDAS goes out. JESUS prays with his disciples, and returns to the mount of Olives.

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BOOK IV.

TErrify'd by a vision, and tortur'd
by anxiety, CAIAPHAS lay rest-
less on his bed. Sleep fled from his
eyes, or if for a few moments they
were clos'd by Slumber, he suddenly
started, and agitated by his tumultuous
thoughts, furiously turn'd. Thus, in
a field of slaughter, a dying reprobate,
harden'd in guilt, rolls in agony: The
approaching victor, the prancing steed,
the harsh din of arms, the shouts of the
enemy, the groans of the dying, and
all the thundering roar of war, distract
his mind. Cover'd with ghastly wounds

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he lies and seems to sink in wild stupidity among the dead. Then, again reviving, he curses himself, curses God, and would fain disbelieve his being. Thus lay CAIAPHAS, and thus he rose; ordering the priests and elders of the people to be suddenly assembled. In the midst of his stately palace was the hall of the Sanhedrim, built of the spoils of Lebanon's lofty forest, with all the magnificence that was seen in the works of SOLOMON. Thither came the priests and elders. Among the latter was JOSEPH of Aritmathea, who, super-eminent in wisdom, did honour to the posterity of ABRAHAM. Serene as the placid moon, riding in lucid midnight clouds, he repair'd to the assembly. Thither also came NICODEMUS, a friend to the MESSIAH and to JOSEPH. Then enter'd CAIAPHAS with proud step, and with a countenance inflam'd by rage, thus spake:

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BOOK IV. THE MESSIAH. 155

Now, ye fathers of Jerusalem, we must take our final resolution, and with powerful arm destroy our adversary, lest he destroying us, this be the last time in which we assemble in this holy Sanhedrim. This divine priesthood, instituted by the great JEHOVAH himself on mount Sinai, and reveal'd to us by the greatest of all the prophets—This divine priesthood, which has continu'd through all the succeeding ages, and which neither the towers of Babylon, nor formidable Rome, seated on her seven hills, could ever destroy, a wretched visionary, O Israel ! is ready to abolish. To our shame, he has been suffer'd to declare with impunity, that he will destroy the temple of the LORD. Is not all Jerusalem his ? Are not the cities of Judea servilely devoted to their idoliz'd Prophet ? The people, grown blind and superstitious, shun the temple of their wise forefathers : they flock to remote desarts, to gaze at

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his seducing miracles : miracles in which he is only the agent of SATAN. What can more effectually blind—what fill with greater amazement the stupid vulgar, than his raising the dead?—or rather, awaking the sick from sleep? Yet we still continue in supine indolence, waiting, perhaps, till his adherents rise in arms, and in some dreadful tumult, murder us before his face, that he may shew his power in restoring us to life! Is it possible, fathers, that you can thus sit in silent astonishment? that ye can yet entertain a doubt? Yes, ye incredulous, ye doubt—but doubt now, and sleep forever. Ye know with what rebellious shouts Judea has hail'd him king. Never before were the ways so spread with the branches of the palm. Never did the air resound with such loud hosannas. It were indeed to be wish'd, that instead of those triumphant acclamations, he had heard the curse of the ETERNAL : that in-

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BOOK IV. THE MESSIAH. 157

stead of those repeated hosannas, his ears had been deafen'd by the voice of thunder. Ye degenerate and unworthy fathers of the people (pardon these expressions, which proceed from a mind inflam'd with holy indignation)—not prudence alone, but GOD himself orders us to cut him off from the face of the earth. In ancient times JEHOVAH spake to our fathers in dreams; and ye yourselves shall judge, whether, upon this extraordinary occasion, your high priest has not had a dream from GOD.

Behold, at midnight, when anxious I lay on my bed, revolving in my mind, what might be the issue of the late tumults, I dropp'd asleep. When lo! I found myself in the temple, preparing the sacrifice of atonement. Already the blood stream'd before me: already, with solemn awe, was I entering the Holy of Holies, when drawing the vail aside—My bones still tremble!

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still the terrors of GOD overpower me!
 O ye fathers! I beheld AARON in his
 sacred vestments, with a menacing
 brow, advancing towards me. Holy
 anger flash'd with insupportable blaze
 from his eyes; the piercing rays which
 beam'd on me from his breast-plate,
 shone refulgent, like Horeb; the wing'd
 cherubs over the ark of the covenant,
 flutter'd dreadful; and my ephod, re-
 duc'd to ashes, instantly fell to the
 ground. Fly, thou disgrace to the
 priesthood, cry'd AARON in the voice
 of terror—fly, miserable that thou art,
 and no more presume to degrade thy
 sacred office, by appearing here as priest
 of the LORD. Art thou the high priest
 of the great JEHOVAH? (Here he gave
 me a furious and vengeful look, like
 that of a man who suddenly sees his
 mortal enemy, whom he is resolv'd to
 slay)—Art thou the high priest of the
 great JEHOVAH? Art thou vested with
 that sacred office?—thou who, crimi-

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nally supine, canst see that impious seducer with impunity profane the holy sanctuary: make a mock of my brother MOSES, of me, and of ABRAHAM; and allow him to violate the Sabbath of GOD? Go, most miserable! left on thy longer stay, the mercy seat of the ETERNAL should consume thee with sacred fire.

At these words I fled. My hair was dishevell'd. Ashes were on my head. Terrify'd, frantic, and without my vesture, I ran forth to the people, who, enrag'd at the sight, attempted my life. Here I awoke. Three hours full of unutterable anguish—three hours most horrible, I lay, after this dreadful vision, as in the agonies of death, Still I tremble—still my heart beats with terror—still is my faltering tongue unable distinctly to perform its office. He must die. From you, fathers, I expect a speedy determination on the manner of his death.

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Here CAIAPHAS was silent : but after a short pause, he resum'd. Better is it that one should die, than that all should perish. But in this let us act with prudent caution. Let it not be at the feast, lest the infatuated populace should attempt to save him. CAIAPHAS ceas'd.

No sound, not the least murmur was heard throughout the full assembly. As if struck dead by the flash of the heavens, all sat silent and motionless. JOSEPH observing the solemn stillness, resolv'd to speak in the defence of JESUS, but was restrain'd by the fury with which PHILO, a dreaded priest, stepp'd forth. Too proud to deliver his sentiments, before affairs were ripe for their being put in execution, he had never yet publicly mentioned JESUS. Great was his character for wisdom, even with CAIAPHAS, whom he hated : for he himself was a Pharisee. His heavy hollow eyes were fill'd with malignant

BOOK IV. THE MESSIAH. 161

fury, and with rapid and resentful voice, he thus began :

CAIAPHAS in vain dost thou pretend to have receiv'd a vision from GOD, as if thou didst not know that the ETERNAL never appears to the voluptuous sensualist, and that no spirits convey revelations to the hypocritical Sadducees, who disbelieve their existence. Either thou amusest us by a fiction, or thou sawest the vision. If the first be the case, thou here shewest thyself worthy of thy Roman policy, and thy purchas'd priesthood: if the latter, thou, the high priest of GOD, ought'st to know, that the ALMIGHTY, to punish those who violate his laws, permits their being deceived by lying spirits. Thus, that AHAB, the slave of BAAL and of JEZABELL, might perish, and the blood of the murder'd NABOTH no longer cry for vengeance, an angel of death steps forth from the throne, and dictates false prophecies to the pro-

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phets. When behold, the rolling
 chariots bring back the king mortally
 wounded. He dies. His blood defiles
 the field where NABOTH was slain.
 Thy dream indeed enjoins the punish-
 ment of our adversary. Yet no dream
 hast thou had, but what has been fur-
 nish'd by thy fertile invention. Dost
 thou not tremble at naming the angel
 of death? perhaps one of that order al-
 ready waits before the eternal throne,
 for thy blood, O CAIAPHAS! destin'd
 soon to be spilt. I plead not for the
 seditious JESUS, neither do I hold him
 innocent. Compar'd with the Naza-
 rene, thou art a less offender. Thou
 art only a disgrace to the priesthood of
 GOD; but he would abolish it. This
 JESUS has been weigh'd in the balance
 in which criminals, however powerful,
 even the proud conquerors of nations,
 are found wanting. He has been
 weigh'd, and is doom'd to certain
 death. He shall therefore die. With

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these eyes I will see him expire : they shall behold his pale and bloody corse. The earth of the hill on which he suffers, I will carry into the Holy of Holies : or at the great altar, lay stones stain'd with his smoking blood, as an everlasting memorial. But how base is thy fear, O CAIAPHAS ! that would warp us into cowardice, and make us stand in awe of the giddy rabble. This mean pusillanimity was never learnt from our forefathers. Let us then hasten to prevent the thunder—God's avenging thunder : lest it should not destroy him alone—lest our eye-balls roll in death, while they behold his last agonies ; and we expire, defil'd by being near him. Did the Tishbite fear the people, when he slew the priests of the sleeping BAAL, whom all their tempestuous clamour could not awake ? or was his confidence encreas'd by the sacred flame descending from Heaven ? but though we should be assisted by no

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descending fire, I will go forth to the people, and woe to him that shall dare to oppose me, and once presume to say, that the blood of the dreaming visionary is not an acceptable oblation to the great JEHOVAH ! At a sign from me the multitude shall join in stoning him. Before the eyes of all Judea—before the face of the Romans, shall the rebel die: then shall we secure and triumphant sit in judgment, and enter the sanctuary of God rejoicing.

PHILO then, with uplifted hands, advanced into the midst of the assembly, where stopping, he, with loud voice, made this malignant and profane exclamation: Blessed spirit ! wherever thou art, whether cloath'd in heavenly splendor, thou sittest with ABRAHAM, and assemblest about thee the prophets ; or whether thou condescendest to visit the congregations of thy children, and to walk among mortals—O Spirit of MOSES ! to thee I swear, by that eternal

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covenant, which thou, by the Divine command, brought'st from the fiery tempest, that I will take no rest, till he who hates thee is number'd with the dead!—till with my hands, full of the Nazarene's blood, I come to the high altar, hold it over my hoary head, and wave it as a thank-offering before the LORD.

Thus he spake, and strove to believe, that the heart-searching GOD does not detest such whited sepulchres. Yet his conscience call'd him hypocrite. He felt the just reproach: but full of inflexible rage, stood with undaunted eye before the council.

Meanwhile CAIAPHAS lean'd on his golden seat, trembling with indignation. His face glow'd with a fury too great for utterance, and he continued silent, with his eyes fix'd on the floor. When the Sadducees observing his discomposure, with tumultuous violence rose up against PHILO. So in the field

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of hostile slaughter, the foaming steeds of an iron chariot obtain the reins, when the whizing lance, with quivering flight, strikes the rider, who with mouth disgorging blood, falls under the wheels. Then neighing fierce, they threaten with their flaming eyes: they snuff the wind, and striking the earth, it trembles under their feet. The enrag'd assembly would have instantly broke up, had **not** GAMALIEL arose. Serene wisdom sat on his venerable countenance, and stretching out his hand, he, in graceful accents, thus spake:

O fathers! if in this tumultuous heat of fiery rage, calm and sober reason may be suffer'd to appear, and you are not enemies to prudence, I entreat you to hear me. Should the eternal quarrel be again reviv'd—should the discordant names of Sadducees and Pharisees produce a perpetual animosity between you, how will you be able to destroy

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BOOK IV. THE MESSIAH. 167

the PROPHET ? but GOD has probably sent envy and variance among you, in order to reserve to his supreme justice, the office of pronouncing sentence on the NAZARENE. Let us, then, O ye fathers ! leave to the ETERNAL the vindication of his own cause. You may be too weak to wield his thunders, and those mighty arms at which the Heavens themselves tremble, may sink you into the dust. Be ye silent therefore before the MOST HIGH, and, with calm submission, listen to the approaching JUDGE. Soon will he speak, and the earth from the rising to the setting sun shall astonish'd hear his voice. If GOD speaks to the storm, and says, Do thou tear him in pieces ! and to the tempest, Do thou scatter his bones like the dust, and disperse them among the four winds ! or to the glittering sword, Arm the avenging hand, and drink the blood of the Sinner ! If he says to the abyss, Open, and receive him into thy bowels,

then is he a guilty visionary. But if, with unexampled power and grace, he continues, by his heavenly miracles, to diffuse happiness over the earth : if by his means the blind exulting, lifts up his face to the great luminary of day ; or with enlighten'd eyes, and filial fondness gazes enraptur'd on his father, who kindly led him along his darksome way—(Forgive me, if struck by actions great like these, I, in your opinion, speak more highly of him than I ought)—if the deaf ear again hears the benediction of the priest, the song of the bride, the lamentation of the mother, and the sacred hallelujah : if by him the dead walk, witness against us, and first lifting their new awaken'd eyes towards Heaven, turn them with pious indignation on us, shew us their tombs, and threaten us with the judgment seat, at which they have already appear'd : or if, (in which he seems still more divine) he continues to live among us without

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BOOK IV. THE MESSIAH. 169

reproach, and by his astonishing virtue, such godlike miracles are wrought, I conjure you, O ye fathers !—by the living God, I conjure you, to say, whether we ought to condemn him—whether we ought to fight against God. Here GAMALIEL ceas'd, and, with an air of dignity, return'd to his seat.

The sun now from his meridian height spread his rays over Jerusalem. At the same time JUDAS was drawing near, in order to lay his proposal before the Sanhedrim. But first ITHURIEL and SATAN went thither, and both invisible stood among the priests, where, without being seen, they survey'd the crowded assembly.

NICODEMUS sat, and silently survey'd every face. Each member of the court appear'd like the self-condemn'd sinner, when, pale and trembling, he hears the thunder roll awful o'er his head. Even PHILO and CAIAPHAS seem'd struck, confounded and disturb'd

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by GAMALIEL's words. NICODEMUS beholding them with a mixture of contempt and fear, arose. Sweetness and benevolence were visible in his look, while an air of solemnity and grief were mix'd with that noble dignity that arises from an approving conscience. His eye, which faithfully express'd the situation of his mind, mourn'd and conceal'd not its tears. He believ'd in CHRIST, and resolv'd to acknowledge him before his most inveterate enemies. After a moment's pause, lifting up his hands, he thus spake :

Blessed be thou, O GAMALIEL !
blessed be the words of thy lips ! the
LORD hath appointed thee his champion, and a two-edged sword hath he put into thy mouth ! thy speech hath divided asunder our bones, which still shake ! still do our feeble knees fail ! darkness still covereth our eyes, and still God is seen wielding his wrath, to strike those who oppose his will, into the dust

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from whence they sprang! O GAMALIEE! may the MOST HIGH, who taught thee this wisdom; who hath endu'd thee with such magnanimity, be thy protection! may the MESSIAH, the sent of God, be thy SAVIOUR, and the SAVIOUR of thine offspring! But ye, the persecuters of the great PROPHEET of God, I cannot bless—not thee, CAIAPHAS—not thee, PHILO—For you I mourn—and if the voice of sorrow can find an entrance into your hearts—if tears of compassion, streaming in behalf of innocence, can move ye—these tears also implore your pity for spotless virtue! Know, ye fathers, that the sacred blood being once shed, it will lift up its prevailing voice like a tempest!—it will call—it will rise to Heaven—to the ear of the ETERNAL! He will hear it: he will descend, and give judgment without mercy to those who have shewn no mercy, by inhumanly slaying his holy PROPHEET. O Judea! Judea! where

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is thy MESSIAH ? if he be no where to be found, the arm of GOD, will throughout all thy land, destroy the men of blood, who have put to death the HOLY ONE of ISRAEL !

NICODEMUS here hung down his head, and weeping, return'd to his seat. Still PHILO sat with menacing looks, and trembling with impotent rage, which his pride struggled in vain to conceal. Disorder'd by the conflict of contending passions, his eyes became dim, night hover'd round him, and darkness hid from his sight the whole assembly. He was ready to sink : no other relief could he obtain, but by his giving fresh motion to his congealing blood, by venting his thoughts. He made the effort. The spirits pent up in his high swoln heart, flush'd in his face, and starting up furious, he rush'd forward. So when on inaccessible mountains an approaching tempest terrific hangs, one of the black clouds, surcharg'd with lightning, kind-

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led for destruction, bursts single, and while others strike only the tops of the aspiring cedars, that, arm'd with a thousand thunders, rolls with repercussive roar through the whole etherial expanse, the mountainous forests blaze, and splendid palaces are reduc'd to extensive heaps of ruins. As PHILO advanc'd forward, SATAN beheld him, and within himself thus whispering said :

Let thy speech be devoted to me: rapid and impetuous let it flow as the floods of Hell: terrible as the flaming sea: impassion'd as the lofty sounds with which I dispense my orders to the damn'd: rancorous, and with fury, as the gods of the deep utter their complaints to the immense mountains of the fiery abyss, when the streams of flowing sulphur stop to listen, and glow with a more livid blaze at their execrations. Thus PHILO speak, and lead in triumph thy captive hearers. Let thine heart give vent to ideas, such as, ADRAAME-

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LECH himself would not blush to own.
 Speak death to the NAZARENE. Thy
 recompence expect from me. At the
 sight of his blood thy whole soul shall
 overflow with such joys as Hell affords.
 And when thou comest to us, I myself
 will be thy conductor, and introduce
 thee to those heroic spirits, who de-
 lighted in carnage, and in spreading de-
 solation all around. Thus spake SA-
 TAN, unheard of all but ITHURIEL.

PHILO, standing with eyes lift up to-
 wards Heaven, cry'd, Thou altar of
 blood, where the lamb of atonement
 was offer'd, and ye other sacred altars,
 once loaded with undefil'd sacrifices,
 which sent up to God a sweet smelling
 savour! even thou Holy of Holies!
 ye cherubs! thou mercy seat, where
 the ETERNAL once sat, and from the
 sacred darkness pronounc'd sentence on
 the sinner! thou temple of the LORD,
 fill'd with the divine glory! and thou
 O Moriah, where the voice of JE-

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HOVAH was heard! when the NAZARENE shall lay ye waste, and these sons of BELIAL, by him protected, shall bring you to destruction, let me—let me be esteem'd guiltless of your ruin. When our children, with anxious looks, and trembling knees, wringing their hands, seek the God of their fathers, and do not find him—when they seek in vain the LORD, because the NAZARENE has erected his throne, where JEHOVAH himself resided above the cherubim! let it be known, that of this I am innocent. If idolaters bring polluted incense to the sacred place, where hung the veil, where once the high-priest alone went with humble reverence to the mercy seat! may my afflicted eyes never behold the impious deed!—may God rather close them in death, than permit them to see this abomination of desolation, fall on his people! All in my power will I do to avert the im-

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pending evil. And, hear me, O GOD of ISRAEL! if ever from thy lofty throne thou heardest the petition of a mortal, prostrate in the dust of this lowly earth—if at the command of MOSES the earth swallow'd up CORAH, DATHAN, and ABIRAM—if at ELIJAH's prayer, the fire descended on the messengers sent by the king, and consum'd them from the top of Carmel—hear me, O GOD of ISRAEL! while I curse them who revile thee, and defend the foe of thy prophet MOSES. May thy end O NICODEMUS! be like the end of the Impostor; and thy grave like the grave of the Sower of Sedition!—May it be among the graves of the murderers, who were ston'd at a distance from the temple and the altar. When thou diest, may thy heart be harden'd!—may it be obdurate and inflexible! may not GOD suffer thee to weep, lest weeping thou shouldst turn to him! for thou hast

BOOK IV. THE MESSIAH. 177

wept for the impious, and thy servile eye, in opposition to the ETERNAL, has shed profane tears. Thou too, O GAMALIEL! hast espous'd the cause of the seducer. May a horrid gloom — may black darkness cover thine eyes, then mayst thou wait in vain for relief from the NAZARENE, and pine away with fruitless grief! may deafness close thine ear, and horror thy life: then lie till the NAZARENE awake thee—till thou rot. And if thou hast declar'd to the stupid herd who, like thyself, idolize this pretended Saviour, that he will raise thee up, may that many headed beast trample on thy grave, and mock both thee and thy Prophet. When thy soul, divested of its covering of flesh, stands trembling before the judgment seat to hear her sentence, then, O GOD! stretch out thy dreaded arm, and strike the appall'd sinner—strike also NICODEMUS, and fulfil on both the curse I, for thine

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honour pronounce. But reserve thy fiercest anger, before which the mountains tremble, and all Hell is dismay'd, for a still more guilty sinner—Wrap thyself in ten thousand thunders, then go forth and strike the NAZARENE. I have been young, and now am old, yet have I continually worshipp'd and ador'd thee after the manner of our fathers; permit, not then, O God, my dying eyes to behold the NARAZENE triumphant. Should he conquer, thine eternal covenant, thine holiness, thine oath, and the blessing thou gavest to ABRAHAM and his posterity, are all vain—are all annull'd. Then will I, before all Judea, renounce thy laws and ordinances—then will I live without thee—without thee will I lay my drooping head in the silent grave. If thine arm doth not cut off the Impostor, never didst thou appear to MOSES! The burning bush at the foot of mount Horeb was all an illusion! Thou

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didst not in tremendous state descend
on the top of Sinai, nor did the trumpet sound, or the thunder roar, or the mountain shake! Then both we and our forefathers from time immemorial, have, of all the nations upon earth, been the most worthy of pity! For no law came down from Heaven, and thou art not the GOD of Israel.

Here PHILO, with wrathful countenance, return'd to his place. NICODEMUS stood with down-cast eyes, like one who patient under oppression experiences in his own breast all that dignity and elevation of sentiment, which arises from conscious virtue and purity of heart. Gravity sat on his face, and in his soul was Heaven. The godlike man was fill'd with awful thoughts, and revolv'd in his mind the solemn night when he discours'd with the MESSIAH on mysteries sublime. While the SAVIOUR spake, raptur'd, he beheld his heavenly smile, his look of grace, the more than human

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lustre of his eyes : he saw the display of paradisaical innocence, the lofty, the resplendent traces of the SON of GOD. This now fill'd him with silent extasy ; he was too highly blest'd to be afraid of man. Elevated by a flaming ardor, an heavenly awe, to himself he seem'd as if standing in the presence of GOD, before the assembled race of man at the general Judgment. On him were fix'd the looks of the whole assembly. His eye serene, fill'd with the irresistible fire of awful virtue, terrify'd the sinner, who beheld him enrag'd, His air commanded attention, and he thus began.

Happy am I, that with these eyes have seen the MESSIAH ! Happy am I, in having beheld the HOPE OF ISRAEL ! the DELIVERER, whom ABRAHAM, while solitary walking in the grove of Mamre, oft long'd to see ! whom DAVID would, with joyful transport, by his prayers, have brought down from the arms of the FATHER ! whom the

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prophets with holy tears long'd to behold ! but whom GOD gave to us the unworthy ! Thou, the FIRST-BORN of the FATHER, full of grace and truth, didst divide the Heavens, and come down to bless thy people. Yet these term thee a Visionary and a Sinner, O thou guiltless !—thou most innocent !—who are they that thus defame thee ? When didst thou invent lying visions ? when was thy soul polluted by sin ? Did not the divine JESUS stand before the assembled Israelites, when thou, O PHILO ! wast present ? didst thou not then hear him cry aloud, Who among you is able to convict me of sin ? Where, PHILO, was then this furious wrath—those lips, slanderous and profane ? why didst thou and thy surrounding companions stand speechless ? why at first did an universal silence reign, and every ear remain fix'd in expectation ? There were seen faces full of rapturous joy, while others were fill'd with an-

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xious fear, dreading lest some should step forth, and witness against him. How awful was this silence!—this suspense! but when among the innumerable multitude none step'd forth—when none could find cause of accusation against the great PROPHET OF GOD, suddenly the voices of the applauding people on all sides ascended to the skies, while with the loud acclaim Moriah shook, and the woody summit of Olivet trembled! Then flock'd to him the once blind and dumb, and with an effusion of joy, return'd him their most grateful thanks. Then the numberless crowds, he had before miraculously fed in the deserts, hasten'd to bless this FRIEND of man. Then was heard among the people the loud voice of the youth, whom at the gate of Nain, he had restor'd to life. Oh more than Man! cry'd he, thou SON OF THE LIVING GOD! the hand which I stretch out to thee was once

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BOOK IV. THE MESSIAH. 183

stiff! These eyes that weep—that weep at seeing thee, O thou divine—were clos'd! This soul, which exulting, is fill'd with fervent love, had quitted its fleshly abode! They were carrying me to the tombs of the dead!—But thou to these stiffen'd limbs—to these clos'd eyes, didst life and animating heat impart! Again I saw the earth and sky, and by me stood my trembling mother!—Thou call'dst back the departed soul!—They carry'd me not to my tomb!—Thou art more than Man! thou art not a sinner! Save me, thou SON of the ETERNAL GOD! thou the promis'd Seed! the Joy of thy mother! the Joy of the earth, by thee redeem'd!

Thus he spake, while PHILO, with down-cast eyes, sat poring on the ground. Then, after a moment's pause, he resum'd, Why, O PHILO! didst thou silent stand before all Judea?—Yet why need I here relate these events!—Ye al-

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ready know them. Hadst thou, PHILO, eyes to see—hadst thou ears to hear—wert not thine understanding wrapt in darkness, and thine heart plung'd in the gall of bitterness, long wouldst thou have known him to have been the SON of the ETERNAL FATHER! or wert thou too stupid for this, thou shouldst have stood in awe of GOD, and have reverently waited in the dust, till the JUDGE of the whole Earth had justify'd him from Heaven, or sent destruction on his head. O Religion, thou offspring of GOD! thou sacred friend of man! fair daughter of Truth! sublimest teacher of celestial Virtue! best blessing sent from Heaven! immortal like thy divine parent! lovely as the angels of GOD! and sweet as the eternal life! Thou art the creatress of elevated Sentiments; the mother of pure Devotion; or, as a seraph has nam'd thee, thou art Excellence inexpressible, when thy lucent beam descends into the noble soul! But in the minds

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of the proud hypocrite, and of the wicked bigot, how art thou transform'd ! thou art then the daughter of the first incendiary ! a priestess that delights in massacres and blood ! No longer bear'st thou thy native lovely form ; fair as light most meek and humble ! thou then art black as everlasting night, and smear'd by the blood slain by thy murderous hand ! Thou art an hideous fiend that hoverest over altars, smoaking with human victims ! Thou, presumptuous, stealest the thunder reserv'd by the SOVEREIGN JUDGE for his own use ! Thy foot stands on Hell ! thy head, menacing, towers to Heaven ! Thou teachest the wicked to murder thy best friend. But—O Religion ! — Religion ! dost thou breathe murder ? dost thou delight in slaughter ? dost thou animate the breast of the assassin ?—No. Some spirit of Hell assumes thy name !—some spirit of darkness wears thy garb, to fulfil the counsels of the damn'd !—O Re-

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ligion, ever fair and lovely!—O Religion, most injur'd! actions like these are far from thee, thou offspring of the God of grace and mercy! thou fountain of peace! and salvation! thou sweetest charm of life!—of death!—of Heaven!—

My soul is enflam'd with pious ardor, yet while rapt in the contemplation of this amazing subject, I am fill'd with pity for you. An abhorrence, mix'd with compassion, seizes my soul, while I reflect on your insensibility to every humane, every generous sentiment: that you have render'd yourselves unable to distinguish between religion, and the thirst of blood: that your dark minds can scarce discern the bright beams that irradiate the fair form of amiable Innocence! But little doth Innocence regard her not being seen by you, while she is seen by the pure SOURCE OF ALL GOOD, and by the enraptur'd spirits of Heaven! Innocence will not fear, tho'

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condemn'd by the abject sinner, while seraphs stand and admire, and the ETERNAL, seated on his lofty throne, smiles benignant. Oh when the sons of earth rise and witness against her, how little, how contemptible do they appear ! But what appearance will they make, when standing before the whole assembly of the awaken'd dead?—when all the host of Heaven shall witness against them !—when the loud voice of a cherub shall call the saints they have persecuted !—when the LORD himself shall speak, and lead them triumphant into glory ! How will they then, seiz'd with horror, call to the hills to hide them ! to the mountains to fall upon their heads ! to the sea, to overwhelm them with its waves ! and to desolation, to reduce them to nothing ! that they may be hid from those they have unjustly condemn'd, and not meet the eye of the dreadful righteous ! that they may be hid from the tremendous wrath of

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the mighty JUDGE, who will espouse
their cause!—

Strengthen me, ye lofty ideas of the
solemn, the universal judgment! May
ye be to me as the mount of GOD, to
which I may fly, when—O my dying
LORD! thy last look strikes through
my soul!—Too plainly do I already
feel the strong emotions that will then
swell my heart. When I think of thy
approaching death, a two-edg'd sword
seems to glitter over my head.—In vain,
ye lofty ideas of the coming judgment,
do ye elevate my soul—a full heart,
swell'd with grief like mine, attends not
the awful trump. Shalt thou die?—thou
divine—thou who, when young, I have
carry'd in these arms, and clasp'd to my
heart, with silent joyful admiration?
Men, distinguish'd by their wisdom and
learning, with amazement gather'd
round thee, and improv'd by thy dis-
course! Even legions of celestial spirits
issu'd from the everlasting gates, and de-

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BOOK IV. THE MESSIAH. 189

scended to hear the words of thy mouth :
then, enraptur'd, return'd, singing thy
praise. Behold, thou commandest the
tempest, and the tempest rejoices to o-
bey. The storm is hush'd. Thou ris-
est and walk'st on the waters : before
thee they sink : before thee the swelling
mountains become level plains. Thus
thou treadest on the fluid waters.—The
heavens see thee walking on the liquid
deep !—Shalt thou die ?—Yes, if such
be the sacred decree of the ETERNAL,
thou shalt die—If the MOST HIGH has
resolv'd not to interpose, but to suffer
these most impious to dip their guilty
hands in thy sacred blood—thou shalt
die ! But I will weep over thy grave.
I will go to the holy brook of Bethle-
hem, where MARY bore thee.—There
will I bewail thy death !—there will I
die !—I will lament over thee, thou best
of all the human race ! thou SON of
GOD : thou ANGEL OF THE COVE-
NANT ! thou PRINCE OF PEACE. May

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my tomb be near to that of the righteous JESUS—near the bones that rest in peace and safety, to awake to life eternal!—Yet why do I delay to leave this assembly? Guiltless and undefil'd I leave it—GOD has heard me—me who am pure from shedding innocent blood: Now thou JUDGE of the earth, call me to thyself! for I have no part in the council of sinners.

Having thus spoke, he for a few moments stood silent, and then with a countenance of angelic serenity, cry'd, PHILO, thou curstest me; but thee I bless. This I have learn'd from my LORD and SAVIOUR, whom thou wouldst slay—For thou wouldst slay gentle Mercy and forgiving Grace. Listen, oh listen to my advice, and know him. When thou standest on the brink of death—when the innocent blood thou hast spilt terrifies thee, and overflows thy soul like a deluge—when thy revengeful voice echoes back, and pierces thine ear like

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a tempest—when thou shalt hear, amidst the darkning gloom of encreasing horrors, the JUDGE of the earth, preceded by the trumpets terrific sound: the stroke of the glittering sword whetted for destruction: the fiery arrows drunk with the blood of the cruel: then will thoughts, far different from those that now employ thy mind, rush on thy soul. Thou wilt then in the bitterest agonies, and with the most doleful cries, bowing and writheing thy limbs, supplicate and implore his mercy; and then—then in that awful and tremendous moment of expiring nature, may GOD hear thy supplications, pity thy tears and thy groans, and regard thee with compassion!

He then pass'd through the crowd, accompany'd by JOSEPH. The seraph ITHURIEL, seeing the godlike NICODEMUS leave the assembly, rose with extended wings, and enraptur'd hover'd in the air. His eyes beam'd with resplen-

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dent joy ; and a heavenly smile adorn'd
his face. So one of the celestial host,
fill'd with divine love, and extatic rap-
ture, stands on one of the blooming hills
that encompass the eternal throne, while
ELOA, in the divine presence, joining
his melodious lyre, sings the rewards of
virtue, and the extasies of friends meet-
ing in the blissful regions : Meanwhile
the listening angel is lost in admiration.
The speaking strings, in sounds melli-
fluous, swell with higher, and still high-
er strains, while each thought rises on
thought, till he spreads his golden wings,
and rising, flutters enraptur'd, dissolv'd
in joys unutterable. Thus hover'd ITHU-
RIEL, while to himself he said, O hu-
man race ! with what blessings shall ye
be crown'd, if after the great REDEEM-
ER's death, ye rise to sublime perfection,
and each Christian resembles this right-
eous man ! Regardless of SATAN, he
suffer'd him to hear his words. The
arch-apostate perceiv'd his ecstasy, and

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felt with pain the triumph of the towering seraph, who ascended towards Heaven. NICODEMUS, addressing himself to JOSEPH, as they left the assembly, cry'd, My dear friend, thou seem'st cover'd with shame! This pierc'd the soul of JOSEPH; for already he had secretly lamented his timid silence, and now trembling, and unable to speak, he left NICODEMUS, and fill'd with inward anguish, lift up his humbled eyes with grief towards Heaven.

When NICODEMUS retir'd, the whole assembly were struck with profound consternation; for he had transfix'd their souls, and fill'd them with the deepest wounds. They then strove to benumb the internal sense of pain; but on the great, the decisive day of judgment, these wounds shall open and bleed afresh; eternally bleed; and no longer shall they be able to stifle the secret monitor within. All were now silent; and the council was suddenly rising, when

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JUDAS—the detestable JUDAS, enter'd. Wondering, they saw him pass through the crowded hall, and, with a compos'd air, approach the high-priest, who, with wicked joy, inclin'd his head to hear him, and then admitted him to a private audience. This being ended, CAIAPHAS return'd to the council, and said, Some there are in Israel who bend not the knee to idols. This man is one of his disciples, and yet he has the courage to adhere to the ordinances of our fathers. He deserves a reward. JUDAS took the silver, and, transported at the honour done him by the pontiff, walk'd with an arrogant air of dignity out of the council. The reward indeed appear'd to him too small; but he flatter'd himself with the hope that it would be greatly enlarg'd, when, by his zeal and activity he should carry his treachery into successful execution. PHILO, however, with a look of hatred, view'd the disciple pass along; for he was secretly

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vex'd, that one of the lowest of the people should have a share in that honour which he had propos'd to arrogate entirely to himself. Yet on his return, the dissembling hypocrite gave him a smile of approbation, and continu'd looking at JUDAS till he had left the assembly. Thus the first of murderers, with a look of mockery and triumph, follows with his eye the ambitious conqueror rushing into the battle. It was he that taught him habitual cruelty, and bid the idle dream of everlasting fame flutter at his heart, and sparkle in his eye, while the verdant laurel seems to sprout around his brow. Already the din and tumult of the arm'd field sounds delightful in his ear! Unmov'd he hears the groans of the dying; forgetting the bright, the immortal hopes Christianity affords, and that the thunder of the last judgment, shall awake both him and them! So JUDAS, accompany'd by the eyes and wishes of the Pharisees, ab-

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forb'd in golden dreams, went in quest
of JESUS.

Forth from the banks of the brook of
Cedron came the adoreable MESSI-
AH, walking through the grove of
palms that shades the valley. There
beholding the city, and his assembled
enemies, he cry'd, No more, O Jerusa-
lem! will I lament thy children. See
here are the sepulchres of the saints
whom thou hast slain! yet many of thy
sons will one day be mine, and join
with you, my disciples, in bearing wit-
ness of me! I will now accomplish my
almighty FATHER's will. Go PETER,
and thou JOHN, my faithful, my be-
lov'd disciples, to the city, where
you will see within the walls a man
bearing a pitcher of water. With af-
fectionate amazement will he cast his
eyes on you. Follow his steps, and
where he enters, ask the good man of
the house, saying, Where is the guest-
chamber, that the Master may eat with
his disciples? He will courteously con-

BOOK IV. THE MESSIAH. 197

duct you to a large upper room: and there make ready.

The two disciples found every thing as JESUS had said. While the lamb was preparing, PETER, who eagerly expected his LORD, ascended to the flat roof of the house, to see if he could perceive him coming. But while his eye was wandering in search of his LORD, he beheld MARY, the mother of JESUS, accompany'd by a few friends. She appear'd fatigu'd, and in pain; for several days had she sought her son, and pass'd each tedious night in tears. Yet serene she walk'd, though unconscious of the dignity she deriv'd from her native purity and unfully'd virtue. She had an humble heart, which pride had never enter'd, and a noble soul worthy, if ever a fair mortal's was, of EVE, the first of women, when adorn'd with unblushing innocence. Thus she advanc'd amidst her friends. Close by her side was LAZARUS, from his short

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death awak'd, fill'd with heavenly sensations, and secure of immortal life. His downcast eye appear'd fill'd with mysterious thoughts, blended with dignity inexpressible by mortal speech, and only felt by the happy dying Christian, who smiles at the hour of death. He was then rapt in meditation, on the separation of his soul, and its return to the body, when at the MESSIAH's call he arose from the dust. He was follow'd by his sister MARY, who devoutly listening to CHRIST, had been melted by his discourse, when chusing the better part, she sat weeping at his feet. Paleness and langour now overspread her countenance. In her eyes stood the quivering tear, which she strove to restrain. NATHANIEL, whom JESUS had pronounc'd to be without guile, had gain'd her heart, and both he and her heavenly brother, who had been restor'd to life, divided the tender virgin's thoughts. Unmov'd she felt

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the approach of Death: yet already sympathiz'd in the grief that would be felt by NATHANIEL, and her half immortal brother. Near her walk'd the modest CIDLI, the daughter of JAIRUS. Scarce had twelve guiltless years pass'd over her head, when in the chearful gaiety of blooming life, she lay down in a peaceful field, and died in the presence of her mother. Then came the gracious MESSIAH, and calling her back to life, restor'd her to her afflicted, now transported parent. In heavenly sanctity, she bore the traces of her resurrection, and already appear'd half divine: but she was still a stranger to the glory that was to crown her future life, and had not yet obtain'd the full blown beauty of ripen'd age: yet was her pious soul impress'd with a noble love. Thus mov'd the Shulamite, the fairest of the daughters of ISRAEL, when rais'd by her mother under the apple tree: there her mother brought

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her forth ; there she brought her forth
that bare her. Soft she call'd her sleep-
ing daughter, with lisping voice. The
fair one then arose, and follow'd her
guiding steps into the myrtle grove,
under the refreshing coolness of the
inviting shades, where in clouds of
spicy fragrance, the heavenly loves
hover'd invisible ; inspir'd by them, she
there first inhal'd sublime sensations,
and trembling wish'd to find the youth
who, created for her, was inflam'd with
the same sacred emotions. Thus walk'd
CIDLI, leaning on the arm of the de-
vout MARY, the sister of LAZARUS.
She was accompany'd by SAMIDA,
whom the SAVIOUR had rais'd from the
dead by the walls of Nain. He was
in the bloom of life ; his hair hung in
curls on his shoulders, and he appear'd
as beautiful as DAVID, when sitting by
Bethlehem's limpid stream, he was ra-
vish'd at hearing the ALMIGHTY'S

BOOK IV. THE MESSIAH. 201

voice. But the smile of DAVID sat not on the face of SAMIDA.

NOW MARY, the mother of JESUS, lifting up her eyes, discover'd PETER. Speedily she hasted to him to find the MESSIAH. PETER having return'd into the room of the feast, went with JOHN to meet her. They beheld her coming, and stood amaz'd, so strongly was the elevation of her mind express'd in her face, and with such dignity was her form invested by him, who before his being Man, was Creator, and such again will he appear, when at his call the dust of the dead shall form new and immortal bodies, and again cloathe the souls they before invested. Her attendants, two of the most amiable daughters of Judea, and who most deserv'd her affection, walk'd on each side with sweet and humble modesty. As above all the mountains of Judea, Tabor, the resplendent witness of the bright transfiguration rises supereminent, so amidst

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these holy women MARY rose graceful,
When among these favour'd disciples
she saw not JESUS, she stood oppress'd
with grief: but at length, recovering
her speech, she turn'd to JOHN, and
smiling, while the big tear, with trem-
bling lustre, glitter'd in her eye, thus
address'd him:

He whom I have often borne in my
arms—he who oft with looks of filial
love has lain nearest my heart—I trem-
ble at calling my son: for too exalted
is he for a mortal mother—too great is
his power—too great his miracles for
one born and lov'd of me!—Where,
O dearest JOHN! ah! where is the SON
of the ETERNAL? Long have I, with
solicitous inquietude every where sought
him—sought to prevent his coming to
Jerusalem, the profane, the murderous
city that seeks his life. They would
put HIM to death, whom mine arms
have borne; whom my breast has nou-

BOOK IV. THE MESSIAH. 203

rish'd; whom my tearful eyes have
view'd with maternal tenderness.

The pious JOHN with gentle voice
reply'd: By the command of the LORD,
we here prepare the feast of the pass-
over. Soon will he return from Betha-
ny. O MARY! wait his coming, and
then reveal all that thine heart, with
such maternal fondness, longs to ex-
press; and its great emotions so wor-
thy of the holy PROPHET.

All were now silent. The sister of
LAZARUS, who had oft enraptur'd,
listen'd to JESUS, gently lean'd on her
belov'd CIDLI, and to CIDLI SAMIDA
drew near, with down-cast looks. She,
no stranger to the pain that long had
swell'd the heart of SAMIDA, look'd
aside at him; in his melancholy eyes
she read the sensations of his soul, and
beholding the dignity with which suf-
fering virtue adorns the countenance,
her heart melted, and she indulg'd these
tender thoughts.

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Generous youth ! for me he passes
his life in grief, his days in sorrow ! Oh
that I were worthy of thee, and that
thy CIDLI deserv'd thy pure and hea-
venly love ! Long have I wish'd to be
thine, to learn from thee, why virtue
is so lovely and so bless'd ! Thee I love,
as in ancient times, the daughters of
Jerusalem lov'd ! I love thee as a young
lamb, that at thy nod delights to play
before thee ; as the lilly of the valley is
'brought forth and nourish'd by the ear-
ly day, so in thy pure embrace would I
be form'd for thy eternal love ! Ah my
mother, why hast thou renew'd to me
the severe command of Heaven ?—but
I am silent—I obey the wisdom of an
affectionate parent, and the voice of
God speaking in her ! to him am I
devoted ! I am rais'd from the dead ! too
little do I belong to the earth to be
given to a mortal ! cease then, thou
amiable youth, thine afflictions, thy
tender sighs ! Oh that I might again

BOOK IV. THE MESSIAH. 205

delighted behold that face dress'd in
cheerful smiles, and wet with no tears
but those of joy ; pleas'd may I again
behold thee, as when a youth, thou
smil'dst at seeing me escape from my
mother's fondling arms to run to thine.

Affected by these tender sentiments,
her tears forc'd their way, which SAMIDA
perceiv'd, though CIDLI abash'd,
cover'd her face with her veil. He then
softly stole dejected from the company,
and when alone, looking on the ground,
in plaintive accents, cry'd :

Why does she weep? No longer
could I behold her tears, they break my
heart. Ye precious drops, which silent
stand trembling in her glittering eye,
were but one of you shed for me—that
one would be to me rest and consol-
ation ! I still incessantly grieve—grieve
for her ! My mind so full of soft solici-
tude---my gloomy mind so full of for-
row, is fill'd with thoughts of her ! O
thou immortal part of me ! thou Soul

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that inhabits this tabernacle of clay !—
 or thou Reason, inform me of my fate,
 and disperse the clouds that hang over
 me. Tir'd am I of weeping—tir'd am
 I of being thus overclouded with per-
 petual gloom. Why, when I see her,
 who, perhaps is no longer mortal—
 why, when she is absent, is she still the
 subject of my thoughts ? Why does
 my full heart then feel sensations before
 unknown ? How tender are my ideas,
 all centering in love ! Why flows from
 CIDIL's lips the soft, the silver sound ?
 Why does her speaking eye, from which
 her soul looks out, fill my throbbing
 heart with such strong, such dear emo-
 tions ? each pure as innocence, and no-
 ble as the actions of the wise. Why
 does grief, with sable wing, hover over
 my head, when I imagine she loves me
 not ? —Torturing thought be gone !
 Ah, then I am hastening to the grave, to
 which I was once so near !—Often do I
 then attempt, with powerful arms, to

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combat my sorrow. Every sentiment does my soul assemble that can evince its high birth and native dignity. Be thyself, I cry, thou heavenly form, thou immortal substance ! and thus do I endeavour to inspire my mind with a noble firmness and magnanimity. Yet silent it remains, and looking on its tender wounds, weeps and trembles. Alas ! why am I oblig'd to feel this everlasting flame, and yet meet no return ? Oh, why does my heart become so miserable, by aspiring to an union with a heart so noble ? Why do I still incessantly repeat her name ? But can I ever cease to remember her ?—Oh what voice divine is this, that in sacred whispers, and in harmonious strains, which none but tender souls can hear, tells me, that my love shall be eternal ? I will then ever love thee !—be thou silent or reserv'd, thou shalt ever be the object of my love ! Ah, CIDLI, could I, with humble awe, presume to think

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that thou wert form'd for me, how
 tranquil would be my heart ! Thy love,
 O CIDLI ! would fill my soul with joy !
 Oh, that I might be allow'd to indulge
 the pleasing thought, that thou, hea-
 venly fair, wilt be forever mine !—
 mine through the endless duration of
 eternity ! My love of thee has taught
 me to know the exalted charms of Vir-
 tue, once to me invisible ! My heart
 with glad solicitude obeys her precepts.
 Thy voice, O Duty ! I hear from afar
 —thy secret whispers silent lead me :
 their divine sound, has struck my ear,
 and not in vain ! With child-like in-
 nocence, my obedient heart fulfils
 thine easy injunctions ; nor shall the
 possession of her who is dearer to me
 than the whole creation, be polluted
 by guilt. What a gift, O CIDLI !
 wouldst thou be to me ! how would I
 thank the Giver, and borne on thy
 purity, as on wings, approach nearer
 to the SUPREME AMIABLE, who

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has form'd thee thus lovely !—who has
render'd my heart so tender, and thine
so divine ! As at thy birth, thy mother
view'd thee with extatic smiles : as she
hung over thy dying face, when thou
in her embrace expired ; then she heard
not the tread of the approaching foot,
nor the voice of the helpers in Juda :
so oft has my soul, with each sensation,
with each transport, trembled at the
momentous thought, that thou, O
CIDLI ! art created for me ! My con-
templative faculties have hung over
thee expanded, view'd thy purity, the
sublimity of thine ideas, the dignity
of thy conceptions, till I became in-
ebriated by raptures that seldom flow
from Heaven into the heart of man !
But when invaded by other thoughts,
and lying in silent nocturnal gloom,
my soul became dissolv'd in tender for-
row ; then I appear'd abandon'd by all,
and confin'd to a painful solitude !
thou wert no longer with me, and the

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whole creation was to me a spacious void ! Oh for the sake of that virtue and love, and inward beauty, which-raise thy spotless soul above the dust of the earth ; or if there be any thing still more precious and exalted — by thy awaking from death, and by thine immortality, when cloath'd in light, thou shalt dwell among the blest inhabitants of Heaven — by the crowns, the rewards of virtue, I conjure thee; my dear CIDI, communicate to me the thoughts, the sensations of thine heart ! Is it possible that it should not know mine so full of love ? mine that bleeds —

Oh the elevated, the sweet, the rapturous idea ! she has been rais'd from the dead ! — I too have been awak'd from death — perhaps to die no more ! and both — to a higher life — Be silent ye bold, ye ardent wishes ! — these thoughts may carry me too far ; and, perhaps, with too much ardour do I love — yet can I with too much ardour

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love her—her with whom in that exalted life, I more desire to live, than here in the dust below! With her, whether on high, or upon earth, I ardent long to join in love to the ETERNAL! and to pour out our souls in grateful affection to our LORD, and our REDEEMER!—But is he not now in danger of being put to death?—Yet can he die who has rais'd me from the dead?—How often has he already eluded the persecutor's rage!—but when dangers threaten his sacred life, ought I to indulge these thoughts of love?—O pardon me thou divine JESUS! let all my private griefs be lost in my concern for thee! and thou, my soul, fix thine whole attention on the designs of these most harden'd—most ungrateful men, against thy LORD, thy SAVIOUR. SAMIDA now leaving Jerusalem, hasted to the silent, the lonely rock, in which had been lately hewn his sepulchre.

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Meanwhile the mother of JESUS, with anxious look, address'd herself to JOHN. He does not come, I will go, said she, and meet him—I will go and meet my son, the MESSIAH.—I will find him, if his cruel enemies have not dipp'd their hands in his blood, and number'd him among the holy prophets who sleep in death! If he yet lives—if I be worthy to behold the lovely form, the attractive graces of my prophetic son, and his countenance beaming love divine, will once more condescend to smile on his enraptur'd mother, I will lose my anguish at his feet, where he graciously suffer'd MARY MAGDALENE, who is not his mother, to weep. With awful reverence will I also prostrate myself before him—I will grasp his knees—I too will wet his feet with my tears! Then looking up to his face benign, I'll say, By that extatic, that transporting rapture that was diffus'd through my whole soul, when

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the immortals struck my ears with heavenly harmony, and in divine hymns sung thy nativity! If ever I was dear to thee—if thou still remember’st the filial affection with which thou returnedst thy mother’s joy, when, after solicitous search, I found thee in sacred dignity among the priests, who, by thy words, were with mute amazement fill’d : Then, O my Son! I flew to thee with open arms.—I saw neither temple nor priest—Thou wast all to me—I press’d thee to my heart, and lifting up my eyes, ador’d the great JEHOVAH! Oh by that extatic joy, the foretaste of eternal felicity ; by thy humanity and gentle condescension to all, have compassion on me ; disappoint the designs of thine enemies, and do not die. Thus she spake, and then hasted to meet her Son. So the devout ejaculations of the enraptur’d mind ascend to him by whom they are inspir’d.

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The great MESSIAH beheld his mother advancing towards him ; not with the eye of sense ; but with that intuitive perception by which he penetrates the thoughts of the enraptur'd seraph. Ah ! I will, after my resurrection, said he, have pity on thee, with a pity beyond that of a mother for her only son ! and then turn'd aside.

Now advanc'd the grey evening. Silence reign'd all around, and he slowly went to the hill of Golgotha, near which was a solitary sepulchre hewn in the rock, wherein no mouldering corpse had yet return'd to its original dust. This had been form'd by the devout JOSEPH of Arimathea, that on the last day, when Death shall end his reign, he might there rise from the earth. He knew not for whom he had order'd it to be hewn : or that there was to be laid the body of the great MESSIAH ! JESUS stood by the sepulchre, and cast-

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ing up to the hill of Golgotha, a look of sacred grief, thus to himself said :

Now declines the day. Now comes the prayerful night resting on Gethsemane. Soon will the day again enlighten that hill, and the dawning morn arise on Golgotha. Then thou, who containest the bones of the meanest sinners, shalt become an altar, on which the willing victim shall be slain! soon will it bleed! Welcome death for the human race! Then will my gracious FATHER look down on me from his exalted throne, where once I sat in his embrace! Me will the angels of GOD behold, and those for whom I die! Welcome death for the heirs of eternal life!—There in the bosom of the FATHER have I sat the CREATOR of man, and the FRIEND of the created! I am now, O man, becomethy BROTHER! and tho' once array'd in celestial splendor, yet wounded will I die, bleeding on thy hill, O Golgotha!—Then—(Here he

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turn'd, and look'd into the sepulchre)—
 then will this body pass a day, and two
 nights within the silent mansion of that
 cool tomb, in a softer sleep than that of
 ADAM, when the great mystery of death
 was first unfolded, and he, one melan-
 choly evening, heard the decree, Thou
 must lie down and die. Many centu-
 ries has he slept, and over him has the
 feet of his descendents walk'd, while he
 hears not the sound. They too are
 dead, and on their bones the feet of their
 offspring have, careless, trod! But a-
 midst the joys of a blissful eternity, can
 any felicity be compar'd to mine? the
 righteous shall all transported awake—
 in peace, in rejoicing and triumph a-
 wake! When my body has slept in this
 narrow mansion, and I have rais'd to
 endless life the bones of the dead, then
 every care, every doubt will cease—
 every tear be forever wip'd away! Death
 will be the introduction to triumph-
 ant joy and sweet sensations. Nor the

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grim tyrant, nor the threatening tomb,
shall appear on the new earth. This
reflection benumbs all human sensation.
The bless'd in lucid white shall walk
serene. Many shall bear wounds like
those of the SON of MAN—resplendent
wounds! They shall hymn the VICTOR,
and call him by the tender names of
Son and Brother. What earthly mortal,
what inhabitant of Heaven, can
count their number? Old things shall
then be done away, and behold all
things shall become new. But first Gol-
gotha must see me die, and that sepul-
chre inclose this mortal frame.

The MESSIAH then quicken'd his
pace. JUDAS lurking in the dim twi-
light found him near the wall of Jeru-
salem, and silent mingled among the
faints, forming on his deceitful counte-
nance the look of innocence, while his
heart felt the sting of guilt. ITHURIEL,
who had gone before him, had heard
from the top of an olive the approach-

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ing step of the MESSIAH, and descending as JESUS pass'd by, walk'd with him invisible, and in accents soft as the last thoughts of the dying Christian, thus spake :

Thou, O SAVIOUR! knowest that thou' art betray'd by JUDAS—by him who has been instructed by thine example—by him who has seen thy miracles—by him to whom thy lips have unfolded the mysteries of eternal life, and whom thou hast condescended to call thy disciple. Still the harmonious voice of the sublime ELOA fills my ear : still are open his lips, calling me to haste down to earth, to be the tutelar spirit of JUDAS! but, ah, I leave the sinner! no longer can I be his guardian! against him shall I witness on the great day of retribution!—against him shall I speak with the voice of thunder. Between the resplendent seats of those that are worthy to sit with thee, judging the world, will I come forth, cloath'd in

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darkness, and extending my hand towards the cloud that will envelop thy throne, will I say, O thou whose blood trickled down from the cross! O thou who hast bled and dy'd by the hands of those thou lovedst! JUDAS ISCARIOT has drank iniquity, and against this dreadful day has steep'd his soul in blackest guilt. He has call'd down destruction on his head, and deserv'd the fate of the reprobate. Let him be driven from the presence of the LORD. His guilt be upon himself: I am innocent of the blood of the sinner.

Here the immortal paus'd, but looking at the MEDIATOR, and reading in his eye, that he might farther disclose his concern, he thus continu'd :

Alas ! what different thoughts did I once entertain of the disciple of the gracious FRIEND OF MAN. Thou, JUDAS, said I, shall, by glorious wounds, bear witness of thy LORD, and when thou dyest a martyr for the truth, thou

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thalt hear the sublime songs we shall sing
before the Victors. Oh, didst thou but
thus die, thy soul would be array'd in
light, and thy friend would then, rejoic-
ing, conduct thee in triumph to the
MESSIAH, the first of CONQUERORS.
Among the golden seats, plac'd for the
twelve elected by the MESSIAH, I should
have pointed out that rais'd for thee. At
the sight of the radiant seat, and of him,
who sits on the throne, thy soul would
overflow with transport! I should have
stil'd thee my friend, my brother! with
softest voice I should have call'd thee my
fellow seraph! Then would my JUDAS
explain to me the mysteries of Christiani-
ty: his sensations when the Spirit which
inspir'd the holy prophets, descended up-
on him from Heaven—when thou, O
JUDAS! receiv'dst the fortitude to de-
spise death—when taught by the HOLY
SPIRIT, thy heart pray'd in words unut-
terable, and tasted of the innocence of
Paradise.—But these thoughts are fled.

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As the smiling spring drops her flowers,
as the bloom of life fades, ere it is ripen'd
by time, so all is pass'd away. Forsaken
am I by the disciple! Lately was I the
guardian angel of a saint: but now soli-
tary I walk among the angels, who look
upon me with silent sympathy. Speak
the word, O divine MESSIAH! shall I
return to the celestial regions? or am I
worthy to behold thy death!

JESUS, with a compos'd look, an-
swer'd the seraph, SIMON PETER will
also be tempted by the malicious destroy-
er, I therefore appoint thee his angel.
Two have been given to JOHN; PETER
must have the same number. He shall
hereafter hear the celestial hymns, sung
by those who shall join the triumphant
host above, and in his death will he re-
semble me.

On hearing this, the seraph, with
fervid joy, flew to embrace ORION, his
fellow guardian. JESUS now hastened to
celebrate the last convivial feast with his

disciples, and passing by the splendid palaces of luxurious sinners, enter'd the more peaceful dwelling of an obscure upright man. The disciples silently reclin'd around the table on which was plac'd the lamb of the covenant. Next to the MESSIAH was JOHN, on whose face sat an affectionate smile. With sweet serenity JESUS then look'd round on his disciples: his eye dispens'd peace, soft repose, and a pleasing melancholy, full of deep contemplation and calm heart-felt felicity. So JOSEPH appear'd among his brethren, after feeling the first raptures, when his tears, his speaking tears ceas'd to flow; when he no longer hung on his brother BENJAMIN, and he knew that his aged father was still alive.

JESUS now, with a mournful look, cry'd, Greatly have I desir'd to eat this repast with you, my disciples, before I suffer—soon will be accomplish'd the predictions of those who spake of me.

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Ye know the prophet that was worthy
to see the divine appearance, who heard
the voice of the seraphs over a throne
in the temple, while the Heavens re-
sounded with their festal Hallelujahs,
and their crying to each other, Holy, ho-
ly, holy is the LORD OF HOSTS! the
whole earth is full of his glory! then
the posts of the doors mov'd at the voice
of him that cry'd: the temple was fill'd
with smoke; the sanctuary with clouds
of votive incense. Then was I present
with my FATHER; with him was I in
the temple: for before ABRAHAM was,
I am—before this sacred land with the
mountain of GOD arose from the waters
—before the world itself was form'd,
I was.—But these thoughts, in all their
amplitude, ye cannot yet comprehend.
This divine prophet, who saw the glo-
ry of the MOST HIGH, at length cry'd,
Lo, I behold in futurity, a branch spring-
ing out of the stem of JESSE, that shall
grow up before the LORD as a tender

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plant, and as a root out of a dry ground.
 His form is chang'd—his beauty with-
 er'd. Every solace of life is fled, and
 all the smiles of the blooming year. He
 is despis'd and rejected of men: a man of
 sorrows, and acquainted with grief.
 Men are silent at the affliction of his
 soul. They turn away their faces from
 him. Yet hath he borne our griefs,
 and carry'd our sorrows. For our trans-
 gressions is he wounded, and with his
 stripes are we heal'd. Like the wan-
 dering sheep have we gone astray: we
 have turn'd every one to our own way:
 the LORD hath therefore laid on him
 the iniquity of us all. Oppress'd and
 afflicted, he opens not his mouth: meek,
 like the lamb, is he led to the slaughter,
 and as a sheep before her shearers, is dumb.
 From prison and from judgment is he
 taken, and who shall declare the gene-
 ration of the redeem'd, who are numer-
 ous as the host of Heaven. He hath
 given his life an offering for sin, he shall

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therefore see his seed, a race of new immortals, who having dy'd to sin, have awak'd to righteousness, and with him shall enjoy eternal life.

Thus spake the REDEEMER, and then continu'd long silent, with his eyes lift up to Heaven. At length he resum'd. This, O my disciples! is the last time in which I shall keep this feast with you. For never more shall I taste the fruit of the chearful vine, till I drink it new in my FATHER's kingdom. In the realms of joy are many mansions—these I go to prepare for you. There I shall see you again, and with the assembled fathers, commence new festivals, spiritual repasts, of perpetual duration.

JESUS ceas'd, and still all were silent. Thus silent were the holy people on Mount Moriah, when SOLOMON, the wisest of the sons of ABRAHAM, at the prayer of consecration, lay'd his crown at the altar, before the ETERNAL. Then was the temple fill'd with a cloud. The

priests, beholding the glory of the LORD, were unable to continue their sacrifices, and the jubilant Hallelujahs ceas'd. Not a word was then heard, till one of the supplicants, transported with sacred awe, lift up his face to the cloud, and with tremulous voice, and arms stretch'd forth towards heaven, cry'd, Holy, holy, holy ! Thus silent were the disciples, till LEBBEUS, turning to JUDAS, with soft voice, said :

Alas ! 'tis now too certain, that whatever the other disciples may say or think of his frequent discourses on death, that the SON OF MAN is about to die. Come Death, relief from misery, the repose of the weary traveller, take pity on me ! for when JESUS, my LORD, is led to death like a lamb to the slaughter, thou wilt be my sole consolation !—His sighs now stopp'd his voice. The MESSIAH observ'd him and JUDAS, and giving him a look of mingled benevolence and grief, said to his disciples, How shall I tell

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you, my friends, that one of you will betray me!

Seiz'd with sudden grief and astonishment, all cry'd, LORD is it I? The MESSIAH answer'd, It is one of you who now keep the paschal feast with me. Here his countenance assum'd the severity of the judge, and he added, The SON OF MAN goeth, as the prophets have written of him; but woe to him by whom he is betray'd: good were it for that man that he had never been born. JUDAS then, with low voice, repeating, Is it I? JESUS whispering, answer'd, Thou knowest that it is thyself.

Now thoughts of grace and eternal salvation again brighten the MEDIATOR's countenance. He rises to institute the sacred Eucharist, uttering the solemn words which so many boldly profane, by absurd superstition, by ignorance, and by more hateful vice. But in vain do they wear the fair garb of Christianity, or the well painted mask;

for while, with polluted hearts, they chant the praises of the spotless REDEEMER, they call down on themselves the sentence of eternal death. He who god-like liv'd, and fill'd with benevolence, dy'd on the cross, is not the Saviour of the cruel, the impious, the lewd, the dissolute: while steep'd in impenitence, and wallowing in vice, meek-ey'd mercy, ever gracious, ever pure, stretches not out her hand to them. All now receiv'd from him the bread, emblem of his broken body, and the sacred cup, typical of his streaming blood—with humility and awful silence they received them from his hand. When JOHN, seiz'd with a sudden transport, sunk down to his feet, kiss'd them, and wetted them with his tears.

JESUS then looking up towards Heaven, with a gracious smile, cry'd, O FATHER! permit him to see my glory. JOHN then arising beheld at the end of the chamber a bright assembly of angels,

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who knew that he saw them. Rapt in an extatic transport, he beheld the sublime GABRIEL, with motionless astonishment: enraptur'd he saw the brightness of the celestial RAPHAEL, and him he honour'd: with delight unutterable, he also perceiv'd SALEM in a human form, who, with a smile of friendship, open'd his arms, and him he lov'd. Now, turning his ravish'd eyes, he discover'd in the MESSIAH's placid countenance, traces of his celestial glory, and sunk speechless on his bosom. GABRIEL then rose on his extended wings, and, transported with love, said to JESUS, O thou, great MESSIAH, embrace me, as thou embracest thy disciple! To him the MESSIAH answer'd, Thou, O GABRIEL! shalt attend on me, when I sit on my throne, and shalt be seated with ELOA, in the presence of the MOST HIGH. GABRIEL bow'd adoring.

At last came JUDAS, and with the familiarity and dissembled love of JOHN,

threw himself at the feet of JESUS. JUDAS arise, said the MESSIAH, and gave him the cup, the memorial of his death.

JUDAS receiv'd it unmov'd. Then the SAVIOUR, viewing him, was troubled in spirit, and, with a loud voice, cry'd, I know those whom I have chosen : yet one of you will betray me. This I now tell you, that ye may believe when it is accomplish'd, and that ye may know the rewards prepar'd for him that continues faithful unto the end. He that receiveth my word shall be sav'd. Whosoever receiveth you, receiveth me; and whosoever receiveth me, receiveth him that sent me. But the traitor will not obtain the crown of life. I repeat it again, one of you will betray the SON OF MAN!

Sorrow was again spread over each countenance. PETER then made a sign to JOHN, who still lay reclin'd on the breast of the REDEEMER, and, whispering, ask'd, Who is it? He it is, said

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the SAVIOUR with low voice, to whom I, with tender affection, and brotherly love, give this sop. He then gave it to JUDAS. JOHN trembled; but his humanity kept him silent.

JUDAS now abruptly left the room. Night was come, and he was surrounded with all its terrors. Wildly he cast his eyes into the dark obscure, and thus spake to himself: He then certainly knows it! Now will the smooth, the fawning JOHN, reveal it to them all—All will know what the heart of JESUS has intrusted to him—They will all know what I have done—Be it so—These new kings must fly before they have obtain'd their kingdoms. JOHN may perhaps soon learn to lay aside his insidious smiles, and PETER, when in bonds, will be less bold!—With what imperious accent did JESUS speak! With what a stern air, and commanding voice did he cry, JUDAS arise! How different the language

he uses to his favourite JOHN!—Kings indeed are not to be commanded! I will however see them again, before they obtain their kingdoms—in bonds will I see them!—but their friend will die!—Is it possible? who will believe that he can die, who has rais'd others from the dead?—He die!—What wilt thou relent? O my suffering heart! banish all humanity!—If he dies he must surely be a visionary, and not the Sent of GOD—Our priests are men of wisdom—they are consecrated by JEHOVAH, the King of Kings—yet they always hated him!—The law of MOSES is the rule of their conduct! I am their confident.—He surely will not die—yet shall I see him bound—He will then, perhaps, forget the exalted merit of his belov'd disciples, and, being humbled, will condescend to look upon the slighted JUDAS!—but I must haste—for me wait the Lords of Jerusalem.

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He then proceeded to the high-priest's palace. The assembly of the disciples was now holy, and unpolluted by guilt. Thus when the Christian youth return'd from the interment of ANANIAS and SAPHIRA, with fairer beauty shone the congregation in the eye of the LORD; for their sacred unanimity was disturb'd by no selfish, no sordid disposition. In the meanwhile JESUS, conscious of his dignity, with divine majesty and composure, thus address'd the disciples.

Now is the SON OF MAN glorify'd: now is the infinite, the boundless mercy of the MOST HIGH glorify'd in him. Though at present his splendor is veil'd by the body of flesh, soon, shall even this human frame be invested with celestial beauty.—But your grief interrupts my speech.—Why, my children, do you weep?—'tis true I shall soon leave you: ye shall seek me, but shall not find me: for ye know not whither I go; and whither I go, ye cannot come.—But

cease your tears. Ye shall see me again. My dear children, I give you a new commandment—a commandment more noble, more exalted than all the traditional observances of the scribes and elders: Love each other, as I have lov'd you: for by your tender, your mutual, your disinterested affection, shall all men know that ye are my disciples.

SIMON PETER then arose, and said, Whither, LORD, dost thou go? Whither I go, said the REDEEMER, thou canst not follow me; but thou shalt at length follow my steps, and walk in the path I tread. Why, O my LORD, said PETER, with an eager and amiable warmth; why cannot I follow thee now? To preserve thy life will I lay down my own! Thou, SIMON, lay down thy life! return'd JESUS; alas! how little dost thou know thyself! I repeat it again, that ere the early cock proclaims the opening dawn, thou wilt deny me thrice!

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The REDEEMER then asking if they were all present, the disciples, oppress'd with melancholy, answer'd, We are here. CHRIST then return'd, The voice of one I no longer distinguish. To this LEBBEUS reply'd, trembling, JUDAS ISCARIOT is wanting. JESUS was standing; but he now kneel'd, and the apostles plac'd themselves on their knees around him. The blest'd SAVIOUR then lifting up his eyes, pray'd with a loud voice: O FATHER! the hour is come, glorify thine only begotten SON, that thy SON may also glorify thee. To his power hast thou committed all mortals, that he may at length raise them from the dead, and bestow on them everlasting felicity. This, O my GOD! is eternal life, to know thee, and CHRIST whom thou hast sent, as the PRINCE OF PEACE and the KING OF GLORY. Already, O FATHER! do I behold in spirit the accomplishment of the important work.

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Thee have I glorify'd here on earth,
and the work thou gavest me to do,
I have finish'd. Now crowns and
regal honours await me at thy right
hand! give me the glory I enjoy'd
with thee, ere I, by thy power, created
the earth and its inhabitants. Thy
tremendous—thy gracious name have
I declar'd to those thou gavest me out
of this guilty world: thine they were:
thou gavest them me; and to the wis-
dom which I taught them, they have
faithfully adher'd. Now do they know
that what thou teachest me, I have
taught to them. This knowledge
they with duty and with reverence
have receiv'd; deep in their hearts
have they lodg'd the divine truth, that
thou hast sent me. For them, O FA-
THER! do I pray—for them I now
pray, and not for the world. All
who are mine are thine; those that
are thine are mine, and the subject of
my joy and my glory. Now do I quit,

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this earthly globe, to return to thy celestial throne—to thee, O FATHER! but they remain on earth—they will remain the scorn of sinners, and expos'd to misery! Keep then, O holy FATHER! those whom thou hast given me, that they as brethren may live in amity, and like us unite in the great work of love and grace divine. While cloath'd in this terrestrial frame, I have taken care of them, and watch'd over their immortal souls. Here they are, O my FATHER, none have I lost, but the son of Perdition! he, ungrateful, has deserted me, and is become a witness to the truth of the prophets. Now come I to thee. Thus I speak while I am still with them, that they may think on my glory and rejoice in my joy. The words of thy love have they heard, and sinners have hated them, as they hated me. Yet I pray not that thou wouldst take them from the earth; but only that thou

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wouldst shield them from their persecutors;—from the spirits of destruction; for they like me walk in innocence. Sanctify them O God! thro' thy truth: thy word is truth. As thou hast sent me, I send them: for them I lay down my life, that they may be pure and holy, and ready to suffer for the cause of truth and virtue. Yet O my FATHER! I pray not for my disciples alone; but for those they shall convert—for those my children, who will one day, like the dew of the morning, be born to me through thy word. May they all be one, as thou, FATHER, art in me, and I in thee, so may they be one in us: that the world may believe that thou hast sent me. The glory I receive from thee I give to them, that they may be one, even as we are one; and all fulfil thy gracious intentions; that the sinners of the earth, fill'd with admiration, may perceive that I was sent from Heaven.

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Love them, O my God! whom thou hast given me, as the first fruits of thy SON's love to man; may these be where I am, and behold that glory, which thou, gracious FATHER, gavest me, before the Heavens were stretch'd around this earthly ball. The world knew thee not; but I have known thee. To these my friends, have I disclos'd the important purposes for which I was sent, and will farther disclose them, that thy love to me may penetrate their hearts, and their immortal souls be fill'd with love to thee, and their REDEEMER.

Now JESUS arose, and went forth with his disciples. At length, drawing near to the brook of Cedron, and hearing the nightly breeze play in the branches of some olives that stood on an eminence, he said to GABRIEL, In the depth of the garden, on the sloping side of the mountain, is a solitary spot, shaded by a grove of palms, there as-

femble the angels. Thus the SAVIOUR spake, and was now drawing near to the accomplishment of such exalted deeds, as since the creation of the earth and the heavens, or since the birth of the angels, had never been known; such as were never seen in the boundless theatre of infinite space. But no outward acclamations, no vain testimonies of applause, the pleasing and fit attendants on the exploits of vulgar heroes, surrounded the great MESSIAH, while he went forth to conquer Sin and Death.

THE END OF THE FIRST VOLUME,



